# The Saturday Evening Post

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## THE MAIDEN'S PROPHECY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ANNA MARIA WELBY,

*Of Kentucky, author of "Richmond on the James," "Ere we Parted by the Mill," &c.*

Thou wilt forget me when we twain are parted,
When thou shalt cease to see me day by day;
Thy heart, that loves so well the young light-hearted,
Not lonely long, with thoughts of me, will stay,—
Nor would I chain thee with one thought, my dearest,
To one whose fate would only darken thine!
No—of the love whose requiem now thou hearest,
Be thine the sweets—the bitterness be mine!

Thou wilt forget me—there are faces fairer,
And eyes far brighter, in proud halls that shine;
And tones more sweet, on lips of beauty rarer,
And sunnier locks o'er snowier brows that twine;
And thy bright lips, ere long, beloved, shall waken
The proud bright smile that was thine own of yore—
Nor shame thee, smile—among each day's forsaken,
What wrecks the breaking of one heart the more?

Thou wilt forget me, e'en the smile thou lovest,
The voice thou'st liken'd unto music's own,
Not long, beloved, when far from me thou rovest,
Shall either haunt thee, either smile or tone.
E'en those sad eyes, in thine through tear-drops gazing,
Not long the spell of lovelier ones may break,
Nor this poor face when happier ones thou'rt praising,
Though it shall fade the earlier for thy sake!

Thou wilt forget me—to no vow I hold thee,
As if ne'er breathed, so let their memory be!
Bethink thee ne'er, when other arms shall fold thee,
Of broken pledge or promise—thou art free!
For oh! not said the burning words, low sighing,
On those warm lips to do thy spirit wrong—
The heart must breathe the words within it lying,
Though swan-like, life be breathed out in that song.

Thou wilt forget me, till long years are over,
And time hath tamed thy spirit's wayward flow;
Till to these scenes thou comest again, a rover,
With smiling face, with breaking heart below;
When 'neath the sod, the valley sod, reposing,
Perchance, beloved, this troubled heart may lie,
Then by the grave my early fate disclosing,
Thy eyes shall weep the blessed days gone by!

Thou wilt forget me—I am not repining
That we should part, that thou should'st change to me;
By yon blue heaven above us brightly shining,
That yet I trust our blissful home may be,—
By yon bright orb, that witnessed oft our meeting,
By all our love's once wild impassion'd spell,
By this warm heart against thine own close beating,
Go, and forget!—I blame thee not—farewell!

☞ A dilapidated old darkey, in Montgomery, Alabama, while watching the monkeys in a menagerie in that city, spoke thusly: "Dem children get too much sense to come outer dat cage; white folks cut dar tails off, and set 'em to votin' and makin' constitewtions."

☞ "Has your husband got naturalized?" inquired an energetic Second Warder of a robust female "of Hibernian extraction," a few days ago. "Got natural eyes!" was the response, in an indignant tone, "yes, be gorry, and natural tathe, too!"

☞ Mr. Justice Maule having asked a little girl, tendered as a witness, if she knew where she would go to after death if she told a lie, and the child replying, "No sir," the judge was overheard to mutter to himself, "No more do I."

☞ Sunday-school once more—Teacher. "Gerty, you were a very good girl to-day." Gerty. "Yes, ma'am, I couldn't help being good—I had a stiff neck."

"DESCRIBE HER AS NEARLY AS YOU CAN," TREMAINE SAID HUSKILY.

## CUT ADRIFT:*

OR,

## The Tide of Fate.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "SYDNIE ADRIANCE," &c.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A LINK IN THE CHAIN.

Ralph Tremaine wandered about aimlessly for an hour or so. Barton's suggestion was repugnant to every sentiment of honor and delicacy. His own suspense was torture, but his suffering for Dora brought a still keener pang. If this were she, by this one inadvertent step she had placed herself in a false position, and he felt inclined to know more of it before it was bruited abroad to the world. What he had said to Barton concerning her was the simplest truth. He felt sure that she could explain the matter satisfactorily in the first five minutes they were together. But when and how should he see her.

It was true that the little discrepancies kept haunting him. Had she intended to go to the city or not? and then who *could* have sent the note? There was evidently some secret, but that she had taken any wrong step he refused utterly to believe. She might be willful and tormenting, she might tease him by refusing to answer questions, but he had never known her to tell a deliberate untruth. In fact sometimes he had thought her too frank, too honest. And surely if ever a woman loved, she had that morning.

Then with dismay he remembered her agitation, her terror at the possibility of some untoward event. She had even vaguely hinted at a separation, but she certainly would have been a sufferer in such an event. Why, the mystery *was* maddening! His brain whirled in helpless chaos. He knew not what step to take.

It ended at last by his going to a hotel as the city clocks told the hour of midnight. He used to do this in his bachelor days when he was very busy and compelled to stay late. He gave a faint, wan smile at the remembrance, for it seemed ages ago, and yet it would be only two years in August since he had married Dora Verner.

A rather peculiar marriage, to be sure. He had known Gilbert Verner many years, a sort of crabbed, dogmatic old fellow, but learned in many ways, and when he chose, a very agreeable companion. Some curious tie linked the two men together. He knew a niece came to live with him, adopted daughter really, for he made the name of Verner legally her own. "The child of a sister who was dead," was all the explanation ever vouchsafed. In those days Ralph Tremaine was suffering from a hard blow of fate, and all women and girls were to him like shadows.

How he had first come to take an interest in Dora Verner he hardly knew. Gilbert Verner was ill a long while, worse and better by turns, and no one could comfort him like Ralph Tremaine. So he had fallen into the habit of watching her and being amused by her very indifference. If she had tried to attract him he would have been wary enough, for he professed to have lost faith in the sex.

One night Gilbert Verner thought himself dying. He gave Tremaine some instructions, making him Dora's guardian and his executor, and then he bewailed the fact of having to leave her friendless. Where would she find a home?

"If you were only married, Tremaine."

"Why shouldn't I be? I can amply afford it. If you will give me Dora—if she will marry me!"

He was very much astonished at himself, and not quite satisfied, perhaps, to have Mr. Verner accept the offer so readily. It came about without any troublesome wooing, and a month afterwards he was really glad to marry her.

She had said—"I will not pretend that I am desperately in love with you, Mr. Tremaine, for that you would not believe of me, unless I were a forward, silly girl, but I do admire and esteem you highly. I think a woman might be very happy with you. And since I love no other person, my lesson may not be a difficult one to learn."

She looked so absolutely bewitching as she uttered this that he fell in love with her then and there, and resolved that in time she should love him. He would be patient, tender and fond. He would make her life bright and enjoyable.

Truth to tell it had not been very charming hitherto. Uncle Gilbert had proved kind in one way, but he was tyrannical and full of whims. True, the quiet home was a great improvement on her former life, but when she looked her future in the face and found that it was a choice between marrying Ralph Tremaine, or being turned adrift again, friendless and penniless, for Uncle Gilbert did not scruple to threaten, she decided upon the pleasant, comfortable life. And she did like Mr. Tremaine. If she had not, no earthly consideration would have induced her to take such a step. He was so good and kind, his patience was unwearying, his generosity fine and pure, a trusty friend, a loyal lover.

She had made one condition with her uncle. He rallied a little before her marriage, indeed lived some months after, but on his death-bed confessed that it had not been observed.

"It's perfect folly, girl, a mad, wild step now. Do not take it. What difference can it make? The past is past."

That look of reproach and pain was the last thing the dying man saw in Dora's eyes.

He left her all he had—no great sum, about twelve thousand dollars. This she insisted upon her husband's taking, and utterly refused any separate settlements.—Some day she promised herself that she *would* confess her secret to him, but thus far she had not.

Her life had been very happy. She was just of an age when circumstances tend so much toward the development of character. Her husband's indulgence spoiled her a little, but she was so sweet, so winsome and radiant, that he liked it all the better. She never carried her exactions beyond the point of forbearance, and she showed him in a great many ways that she did try to please him.

I think I said in the beginning that she was a trifle coquettish; but she never dallied with the admiration of other men. She was charming to her husband's friends, but never familiar, and never teased him before them, or caught up any little foible. Indeed, this tender grace of reverence used to touch him deeply. If she had tried she could have used no more potent ally for fascination.

He had told her before marriage, very honorably indeed, that she was not his first love. In his early manhood he had dreamed over a beautiful woman, held her as his in everything but name, and lost her just when he thought his happiness nearest. Another man's gold had bought her.

I am not sure but it was his manner of telling this story that roused Dora's strongest interest. He was of no ordinary, pliable clay, taking an impression like wax, and losing in the next flush of heat. There was something strong and earnest in the man not easily swayed or governed, a curious persistence under the tender quiet that hung dreamily about him. He did not easily forgive an injury, it must be confessed.

Dora's piquancies he found very entertaining. He understood her pretty well, too, and felt with a keen little pang that her admiration and respect were *not* love. But as the months went on and they grew insensibly into each other's ways, the quick smile and tender blush that his sudden appearance would call up, the petulance if he disappointed her, charming because it was only momentary, and the pleasant confidences she gave of her own accord, were translated as so many signs of love. In that he was right enough. She was loving much more deeply than she realized.

Ralph Tremaine tumbled about his bed restlessly until dawn, and then he began to settle upon some definite plan. He would get Barton to identify the hackman, and question him closely. The lady might not be Mrs. Tremaine at all, and that point settled, it might be best perhaps to follow out Barton's suggestion, for the suspense was intolerable.

He knew he could see the conductor quite early, so he made ready. It was a relief to do something with a purpose, even if it was only washing and dressing. He sauntered out in the morning air with a haggard step, contrasting it with the twenty-four hours previous, feeling old and worn, and thinking that another day of such torture would be insupportable.

He was much too early, but presently Barton appeared at his post, shocked at the change a few hours had wrought in Mr. Tremaine, and understanding at once that matters were unchanged.

"Have you done anything?"

"No. I thought I should like to see that hackman, if you could find him for me."

"I might at noon," Barton answered slowly.

"Can you not get some one in your place? Money's no object."

Ralph Tremaine's eyes wore a sharp, unnatural stare, and there was a feverish pleading in his voice.

"I cannot take any step until I know whether that was Mrs. Tremaine you saw. I don't suppose it was."

"Poor fellow," thought Barton, much moved. Then aloud—

"If the thing can be managed, Tremaine, I'll do it for you. I'll let you know shortly," and with that he disappeared.

Tremaine walked up and down the platform a long while. It seemed to him as if he were going crazy with suspense. And when Barton returned, which he did finally, there was still another weary delay, but now the city was fairly astir. There was a continual rushing in and out, carts, wagons, and expressmen jostling each other, noise and confusion of every kind, but Tremaine only heard it dimly. Then the hackmen began to gather. Barton rambled slowly around, inspecting each one, and at length accosted the latest comer.

"Were you here about noon yesterday?" he asked.

"At noon. Well, no. I just drove up for a minute and went right away. 'Bout one, train time anyhow."

"You took a lady and gentleman?"

The man was silent, and eyed his companion closely.

"A rather slight woman, dressed in gray, and a tall, dark gentleman, fine looking. He assisted her in while you were on your box."

"Suppose I did?" the man said gruffly.

"Where did you leave them?"

"At the Park. Sixth Avenue entrance."

"And what became of them then?"

"Don't know."

"Will you describe them minutely for a friend of mine?" And Barton summoned Tremaine.

"I don't know much about the lady. The man was a watching for her. He come to me and engaged the hack before the train was in, told me to stand just here and keep my seat. He wasn't a common-looking man, and he had a short, sharp way, as if it wouldn't be quite safe to cross him, and he said he'd pay me well for any trouble he made. Presently he come along with the lady."

"Describe her as nearly as you can," Tremaine said huskily.

"She was very fair height, and wore a gray dress and cloak, trimmed with something a little darker. I remember noticing the stripe around her skirt. She had a round hat, with a bit of scarlet in it, and a light veil. I didn't see her face, but her hair was bright, not red, but a curious color, and curled a little."

Tremaine groaned inwardly. The hair stamped her as Dora at once.

"And you don't know where they went?"

"No. I drove right back."

"Could you identify the man again?"

"Oh, yes, easily. He had very black eyes, with a curious look in them, and a full beard, though not very thick. Yes. I could tell him again."

"That will do," said Tremaine, turning away abruptly.

He and Barton went down the length of the platform without a word, but he could no longer feel doubtful. A horrible thought chilled the blood around his heart. The man had been watching for her. Then it was he who sent the note to Dora, and it was madness to suppose that she would go away with a stranger, so she must have known him. Could she have been summoned to any friend? But no, she would have left a few words for him, surely. The whole matter was inexplicable.

"Well," Barton said presently, to recall the other.

"I'm obliged for the trouble," Tremaine returned. "You cannot do anything more; indeed, there is nothing to be done, except to call in the aid of a detective, as you suggested. Whether it would be wisest—" and his voice died away in a quivering sound.

"If I cared—" Barton began hesitatingly.

"Cared!" Tremaine's face was white with a sudden passion-heat.

"Not just that, Mr. Tremaine. If I wanted her found in spite of everything, I'd have it done if I moved heaven and earth!"

Did he want her found? If she could return in a few days and explain her absence satisfactorily to *him*, he would rather the world at large knew nothing about it. For he had a stubborn, abiding faith in her. He knew how thoroughly good and noble she was, that she would not stoop to a lie or deception of any kind; at least, in his sane moments he felt certain of this. Yet he understood the construction the world would put upon her sudden flight. Nothing less than an elopement. To him the idea was simply preposterous. He was satisfied that she did not care enough for any man to do that. He held all the love of her soul. But there might be something back of this event that she would rather explain to him alone. He hated even to have Barton suspect her.

"I think I'll wait a few days," he said, weakly, bidding Barton good-morning. "And—Barton—I trust you with *my* honor as well as hers."

Tremaine went back to the hackman, for he had another question that he could not have put before a third person. The man was jesting with a comrade, but he came forward, touching his hat.

"I want to ask you if you observed any signs of—of friendliness," familiarity, he was about to say at first, but checked himself, "between these two persons you drove away yesterday? Did she take his arm?"

"No. And when he offered to help her in, she wouldn't touch his hand. Though it's sometimes done for a blind."

Even this wretch dared to impugn Dora's motives. He must get away and think it all over, settling upon something, or he should go crazy. He could not face Mrs. Maybin just yet, so he chose the store instead. Now and then of a morning he was late, so this would pass unremarked.

There was a friend waiting for him, who said, in a careless, genial way—

"Why, Tremaine, what's the matter? You look as if you had been sick a month."

"I had a bad headache last night and didn't sleep any," which was true enough. But after making an effort to confine his attention to what the man was saying, he found his mind growing clearer.

There followed an hour or two of business, and it proved a benefit to Ralph Tremaine. He said to his book-keeper, that he shouldn't go out to lunch—so he was left alone in the office. Yesterday there stood a single rosebud in that tiny vase—to-day a desert could not have been more lonely.

Now he began to take serious counsel with himself. Either Dora had been persuaded away by some fraud or misrepresentation to further the schemes of some designing persons, or she had gone willingly, knowing a reason why it was best so to do. That love was at the bottom, he utterly disbelieved. And then every little circumstance rushed over him again, looking almost as if there had been some complicity on her part. If


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so, it would be much wiser to let her come back and explain.

How often in life a series of events seems to involve one like a web, making guilt in a greater or lesser degree almost certain, and yet all these incidents might have occurred without the one crowning deed, and passed by quite unnoticed. A lesson for our charity and hasty judgment, and the grander love that has learned patience without suspicion.

And though he had a great deal of faith in Dora, faith of a certain kind, these very misgivings made him resolve to wait a few days. A woman was not likely to be spirited away and detained against her will, when there was nothing to be gained; and certainly Dora Tremaine was of no paramount importance to any one but her husband. Yes, he would wait, two days at least.

## CHAPTER IV.

### AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

Mr. Tremaine announced to Mrs. Maybin that Mrs. Tremaine would not be home for several days. The housekeeper asked no questions, but she saw that something had gone wrong. He passed Barton on the road with a nod, but neither had any desire to exchange words. Of course Barton knew from the grave, preoccupied face that the matter was still in abeyance.

Thus passed the two days, and now the fourth had begun, since he had said farewell to Dora at the lawn gate. No tidings of any kind. A stern, set resolve came into his face. He wished now that he had taken some decisive step immediately. His first business in the city must be that. Poor Dora! She might have met with a fatal accident, or been murdered. Now he began to conjure up a thousand things and blame himself in a bitter, unreasonable fashion.

Mrs. Maybin was waiting to receive her orders as he made a rush from the breakfast-room.

"Never mind," he exclaimed, impatiently. "It's a chance whether I'm home to dinner, and I really don't care what there is. Don't take much trouble."

A ring at the hall-door startled them both. Mrs. Maybin opened it with an air of injured dignity.

"Was Mr. Tremaine at home? Could he be seen on some very important business?"

"Will you give your name, please?" she asked, stiffly.

"That is not necessary," the stranger said—with a most provoking air of blandness.

She ushered him into the library, and went to inform her master, who was rather vexed at the interruption.

"A stranger?" he said, wonderingly.

"Yes. I should remember if I had ever seen such eyes before."

"Eyes! Black and large, and a full, black beard?"

Mr. Tremaine was strangely agitated.

"Eyes that could stare you out of countenance. If there's much good in that man, I'm mistaken," she said, with a virtuous sniff.

Mr. Tremaine crossed over to the library, like a man in a dream, shutting the door carefully behind him.

The stranger was standing in front of one of the well-filled bookcases, and turned at his entrance. What was there in his appearance to chill Ralph Tremaine so unaccountably? A man of his own age perhaps, not looking young when you came to examine him, but with a jaunty air and a certain audacity that was not impertinence, and so could not be put down with the grave manner of the other. It was not a trusty face. You felt instinctively that there was something furtive and sinister under every soft line, though an unthinking person would have pronounced him handsome at once. His features were tolerably regular, but they had this peculiarity, that whereas he was stout enough for manly contour, and his hands so plump that every joint made a dent instead of showing a bone, his features were thin. His nose was straight, with thin nostrils; his lips compressed into a scarlet line, showing vividly under the fringe of moustache. His forehead was narrow at the temples, and when his eyelids drooped you remarked that they were thin also. His eyes were quite large, and of a peculiar opaque black, with no transparency, the pupils scarcely discernible from the iris. They gave him an unscrupulous look, and were not pleasant to behold.

Ralph Tremaine felt that here was the man who had seen Dora on the day of her disappearance, and could, perhaps, give the latest account of her. Yet he trembled in every pulse, and could command neither his voice nor his thoughts.

"I did not give my name to your—domestic," as if he was hardly sure so commanding a woman could fill a subordinate position; "and yet you may have heard it—Jasper Cameron."

He knew in an instant that Mr. Tremaine had not, for he merely made a negative motion of the head.

"Is Mrs. Tremaine at home?"

"She is not."

There was a constriction in Mr. Tremaine's throat, and a sudden shiver in every pulse.

"She left home on Tuesday," Mr. Cameron continued.

"She did. I appeal to you to explain the mystery. The last tidings I have of her are that she left the railroad depot in your company."

A certain exultant shadow, for it could not be called a smile, crossed Cameron's face.

"Then she has not volunteered an explanation?"

"I can endure this suspense no longer. If she is alive, if you have any tidings of her, speak at once," Tremaine said in a tone of passionate pain.

"You have heard nothing?" The face and tone were a trifle incredulous.

"Nothing! In mercy, speak!"

"I do not know as my tidings are of a very agreeable nature. How much of Dora Verner's history did you know when you married her?"

Great drops of perspiration stood on Tremaine's forehead, and an ague seemed to seize every limb.

"I knew nothing of her history, save that her mother's marriage had been very unfortunate. Her uncle, Mr. Verner, adopted her."

"Some months before her adoption she became my wife."

"Impossible!" Mr. Tremaine believed the fellow was inventing some specious lie.

"Not at all, my dear sir. She admitted the fact on Tuesday. It has been a sad mistake of course, her marriage with you, but she supposed me dead, years before."

"But her youth—she is barely past twenty-one now. No, it can't be!"

The story sounded so utterly improbable. Could she have been the wife of another man and kept the secret from him!

"She was very young, not yet fifteen. It was a girl's ardent, unreasoning love, if you will, and as a long separation stared us in the face, we decided to marry and keep our secret, being thereby sure of one another. I was going to China for three years. On the passage out we were wrecked and most of the crew reported lost. I drifted to an island, inhabited only by savages, and it was months before any chance of escape offered."

"Yet you did not return?"

Ralph Tremaine had an eager, frantic hope of proving the man's story wrong somewhere.

"No. It was a long while before I found an opportunity. I was young and full of restless curiosity, I must confess, loving travel and adventure. The years passed rapidly with me. No answer came to my letters, and I imagined myself quite forgotten."

"Do you suppose—she heard?" The question came with a gasp.

He could not tell Ralph Tremaine such a deliberate lie, knowing that it would not further his cause.

"There were a good many changes in her life just then. Her uncle adopted her, and so letters missed. It has been an unfortunate affair."

"Oh, why did you come back?" Tremaine groaned. "She thought you dead and we were happy. And now—?"

"She is *my* wife, of course. The law gives her to me, I believe. I find the old regard strong upon me."

There was a little sneering triumph in this. It stung Tremaine keenly.

"I insist that she shall be produced," he said in a deep, decisive tone. "It is as she wills."

Cameron studied his rival a moment. Men of this stamp were quietly persevering. And if he could not bend Dora Tremaine to his will, it was as well that she should have no strong ally in this husband, for the present, at least.

"I proposed on Tuesday that we should both seek you and have a mutual explanation. I am willing to overlook this fatal mistake, and I still love her as I loved the sweet, daring, spirited child. She would not agree to this proposal, though since she has been free to write or to come."

A deathly agony clutched Tremaine's soul. Dora staying away from him to whom she owed the first confession! Could she retain any of the old affection for this man? Oh, the story must be some base, hideous lie!

"I have no proof of all this," he said steadily, trying to read the unfathomable eyes of the other.

"Except that she still remains away. I told her that I felt it my duty to make this explanation to you, though she begged me to delay. Of course she feels that my claim is first, and then she is not sure that you would forgive, pardon the word, the deception she unwittingly used. If she had mentioned her marriage with me, this event would not have taken you so by surprise. It is possible that the difference in our positions may influence her somewhat. I am still a comparatively poor man."

That was a keen thrust, as Jasper Cameron meant it should be. But Tremaine turned upon him.

"You don't know her at all, if you think that," he said almost savagely. "If she chooses me it will be because she loves me."

"I am not sure that the right of choice is here," was the almost caustic response. "I still wish to keep her as mine, my wife. I love her. I am willing to care for her to the best of my ability. If a court of law must decide, my claim is still a good one. It is not my fault that letters missed."

Ralph Tremaine groaned aloud. What did this man know of love?

"If you will bring her here," he said brokenly, "and I hear from her lips that she desires—to give me up, I will make no further objection. This much I *must* hear."

"If she *will* come." There was a suggestion of doubt in the voice.

Ralph Tremaine paced the floor in impotent anguish.

"I may as well say, Mr. Tremaine, that I do *not* mean to relinquish my claim easily. The law, and this woman's free consent, made her my wife, and although you may have the most money, I think there is a little justice in the land. If she had not felt some scruple restraining her, you may imagine that she would have flown to you at once."

Tremaine bowed at this. He could not gainsay its truth.

"Will you give me her address?" he asked.

"Excuse me, but in the first place I do not think I have any right without her consent. And since she is at liberty to seek you—"

"Did she know of your coming?"

"She knew that I intended to explain—yes. In a similar case I know I should have been wild with surprise. It was a matter of duty and honor."

"And she is quite free, you say?"

"Entirely so at present. I should not even attempt to influence her."

Jasper Cameron ground his white teeth as he said this. It was the truth, but it was simply because she was no longer in his power. This his sense of honor did not lead him to confess.

"Then nothing can be done at present," Tremaine said in a weak, wandering way.

"Mr. Tremaine, we may as well be honest with one another. Nothing can ever be done in the sense you mean. If you choose to take her back, she can never be your lawful wife while I am alive. I am not the kind of man to die easily, or heaven knows I should have been under ground or under water long ago."

"Very well." Tremaine drew himself up haughtily, and his voice was as clearly cold as a sound heard in frosty air. "I have only a message to send. Will you tell her that I wish to see you *both* at any time you may appoint? The sooner the better for me."

Then he bowed loftily. Jasper Cameron felt that he was dismissed, and considered that he had made sufficient impression. He knew of nothing more that would advance his cause just now, and returned the courtesy with that indifferent air of his, bordering on impertinence.

"I will deliver your message as soon as I see her."

He walked out of the room in his jaunty fashion. Ralph Tremaine did not stir until he heard the street gate shut; then he bowed his head in his hands, overwhelmed by the sudden tide of anguish. He really could not question the truth of the story, much as he desired it, for Dora's continued absence was proof of the strongest kind. Indeed, it looked rather manly in Cameron to come, he thought, since Dora was so unwilling.

How many times during the last few days he had gone over the incidents, not only of the week, but of their married life! Dora rarely spoke of the time before her adoption. She and her mother had been poor—not reduced to bitter extremes, perhaps, but there was something about it from which she instinctively shrank. He would have been very glad to take every little trouble and hardship into his keeping, but this she did not appear to desire. There had always been something peculiar about her, he confessed to himself.

The note, then, must have been from Jasper Cameron. This was why she left no message. Had she known of it before, and been all along suspecting some such summons? She had gone to the city and met him, and then— *Was* there some old affection, a long forgotten chord that his appearance electrified into new life? "A girl's unreasoning love," he had said. Perhaps Dora Verner *had* worshipped this man with the strength and passion he had never been able to rouse. Most women would pronounce Cameron handsome, and his charms must have rendered him more fascinating when youth was added. This was why he had found a strange lack in her, a tender grace gone. Yet she certainly was learning to love him, and on that fatal morning she had been sweeter and dearer than ever before. She had said of her own accord—"the wife who loves you."

The sight of Cameron had undone all this. If she still cared most for him, Tremaine, she would have come or written, and told him her side of the story, wanting to be judged leniently. He knew he could have found it in his heart to forgive, to fight for her if it came to that, to think of some expedient whereby he might gain her cause and herself. It was evident that Cameron did not mean to yield her easily, but there would be some law to right a woman who had been deserted and neglected for seven years.

She had not come. There was the bitter sting to Tremaine. Her soul had swerved in its allegiance, and perhaps even now she was debating which of the men she should choose. That made him angry. Ah, Dora, your hour of grace passed then. A most auspicious moment, and yet you were not here to seize it and be received into favor by this man, who was generous to a fault, and yet in some circumstances resentful and implacable.

He gave a dreary, hopeless groan. The horrible truth stared him in the face with its stern and rugged power because it was so simple. Dora, unable to decide which had the deepest claim upon her affections, was delaying the crisis. Cameron had hinted that he was the richer of the two, but even that had not been sufficient to incline Dora towards him. No, she had never loved, and now doubtless she felt that it would always be an impossibility.

It appeared to him one of the easiest things in the world for Dora to come and confess the truth. She never had the habit of stumbling over little matters, or descending to subterfuges in order to make a thing present a smooth appearance. Generally, when she was at fault—such events had happened—she owned it in a frank, earnest manner the moment that she was convinced. She had no touchy, sullen pride, and she did possess a high courage and strict sense of right. So he wondered the more at her course now, and although it crushed him to the depths of despair, he admitted that there must be some underlying motive.

He gasped for breath as this consciousness asserted itself. It was the fell signature to the death warrant of his hopes. After Dora had once doubted, once compared their claims, leaning to his rival's side, she could be nothing to him. A shiver of agony sped through every pulse. To have his fabric of bliss dashed down for the second time, was fated indeed! No after resurrection was possible.

He groped his way across the room like a man stricken blind, holding out his hands uncertainly. All the joy and hope of life vanished away at a blow. Dora was *not* his, something subtler than law had interfered. She did not care to come back to him and acknowledge her direful mistake, when she must have known that he could both pity and forgive.

He shrank intensely at this first moment from facing the world. Hush it up never so quietly, the truth, or a part of it, must come out sooner or later. There was a circle of friends and neighbors to be astounded, to pity, or with a certain worldly sagaciousness fancy that he might have been wiser. He had taken matters very much for granted, but it hardly seemed to him possible that Gilbert Verner could have known of this secret marriage.

He went up-stairs to Dora's room and wandered about purposeless. The dress and the little slipper had been restored to their place. Indeed, since the few days of Mrs. Maybin's administration, the apartment had taken on a rather prim look. He remembered coming home from his mother's funeral when a boy, and finding all her pretty dainty belongings that he could have kissed with a passion of reverence and longing, put out of sight. And so with this. The pincushion was in rarest order. Generally there was a brooch or two, and a pair of ear-rings dangling from a pin, a stray ribbon or collar, for though she was delicately neat with her personal appointments, she always left some trace of herself behind. Once he had laughingly quoted to her—

"Here's your glove, child,
Soiled and empty, as you left it,
Yet your hand's warmth seems to stay
In it still, as though this moment
You had drawn your hand away."

But now there was nothing to find. The sense of loss and desolation made him shudder. A funeral indeed!

How many times she had glanced out of this window and nodded to him below in the path! Here stood her red and white willow workbasket with a napkin spread carefully over it. Mrs. Maybin, feeling that she had no right to reduce it to order, had covered the disorder. Between the housekeeper and her mistress this had been a rather contested point, until one day Dora petulantly broke out with—

"Mrs. Maybin, I don't want you to touch a single thing in my room! When I wish them taken care of *I* can do it." And so the poor woman had withstood a very strong temptation in Mrs. Tremaine's absence.

Presently Mr. Tremaine wandered down again. Part of the truth must be told, and he was not a man to shift off until to-morrow, the responsibility that belongs to to-day.

"Mrs. Maybin," he said, summoning her; "Mrs. Tremaine may be absent for sometime. Everything will go on just the same as usual."

She knew by the hollow tone and ashen gray face, that something very unusual had occurred—but the face and voice alike forbade questioning.

As he went feebly down the broad avenue, he glanced back. What was it that touched him with so keen a pang? Saddest of all, the roses at the summer-house were blossoming quite unnoticed. A month ago she had said—

"I shall be so glad when roses come!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TO MY BROTHER ON HIS MARRIAGE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY EUGENE.

Take her, all beautiful and pure,
In girlhood's joyous prime,
Ere the roses on her blooming cheeks
Are chilled by care and time.
Remember, oh, remember well,
How great her faith must be,—
That holy faith that bids her leave
All else to cling to thee!

With sweetness and with gentleness
Her voice will cheer thy way;
Her love—pure woman's holy love—
Be with thee every day.
And oh! in tenderness e'er turn
On her thy fondest gaze;
Let no rude breath or thoughtless word
O'ercloud her sunny days!

A holy, fearful trust is thine;
Oh! let it ne'er be said
That thou hast caused those love-lit eyes
A sorrowing tear to shed.
Thy joys will deepen by her side;
Life's ills she'll help thee bear—
Will lighter make each grief, and chase
Away each cloud of care!

Then may the path of life ye tread
Be ever bright with flowers,
And love pour forth its gushing sweets,
To cheer the passing hours,—
May hope e'er fling her sunny smiles
In radiance o'er your way,
And faith in each unite the hearts
That are made one to-day!

### Young Man You're Wanted.

A lady writer under this heading, hits off the men as follows:

A woman wants you. Don't forget her. Don't wait to be rich; if you do, ten to one you are not fit to be married. Marry while you are young and struggle up together. But mark, young man, the woman don't want you if she is to divide her affections with a cigar, spittoon, or whiskey jug. Neither does she want you if you don't take care of her and the little "afterthoughts" which are sure to follow. Neither does she want you simply because you are a man, the definition of which is too apt to be; an animal that wears bifurcated garments on his lower limbs, a quarter section of stove pipe on his head, swears like a pirate, and is given to filthy practices generally. She wants you for a companion,—a helpmate—she wants you to have learned to regulate your appetite and passions; in short, in the image of God, not in the likeness of a beast.

If you are strong in a good purpose, firm in resistance to evil, pure in thought and action, as you require her to be, and without which inward purity neither of you are fit for husband and wife; if you love virtue and abhor vice, if you are gentlemanly, forbearing and kind, and not loud talking, exciting and brutal, young man, that woman wants you; that modest, fair, cheerful, bright-looking, frank-spoken woman we mean, who fills your idea of maiden and wife. It is she that wants you—marry her when you like, whether she is poor or rich; we'll trust you both on the above conditions, without any further security.

☞ Two young ladies recently appeared in the streets of Dubuque, Iowa, whose hats were prairie chickens! The feathery cuticle was prepared as a taxidermist would prepare them before mounting, and stuffed with the young ladies' heads.

☞ A man has died in Washington from "glanders." He had driven a horse suffering from this disease, and the physicians, after a post-mortem examination, and several artificial experiments, have decided that he caught it from the horse.

☞ A New Haven couple agreed to a divorce, and the man gave his wife a bond for $300, to be paid after the divorce was granted. Part of the programme was carried out; and now the man refuses to pay the bond—pleading there was no consideration, and that it is contrary to public policy and void.

☞ California wheat is so dry, by origin and nature, that in coming East through and into a humid atmosphere, it gains greatly in weight by absorption. This is an element of profit to shippers. So with the flour—it will absorb 20, 30, and even 40 pounds more water per barrel than our Eastern flower, and so the bakers gain greatly in using it.

☞ Napoleon is 62 and Eugenie 43.

☞ "Chicagoized" is the new name for a divorce.

☞ The King of Denmark is said to be a practical chemist.

☞ Elderly and Anxious Traveller: Do you think the 12-50 train will be punctual, sir? Party addressed: Well, I really can't say. It will be 10 to 1 if it is.

☞ The celebrated Spanish bull-fighter, Cuchares, has lately died in Havana, leaving a fortune of about $800,000, which he literally gained by his sword.

☞ The postmaster in Derby, Conn., is nonplussed to whom to deliver a letter addressed "To the handsomest widow in Derby."

☞ Why is a coquette's lover like a bouquet? Because she carries him about for a while, and then picks him to pieces.

☞ More than four thousand horses were eaten in Berlin last year. The blood is used by a manufacturer for dyeing purposes.

☞ How to prevent gray hairs—Keep your head shaved. Warranted not to fail.

☞ Many who think themselves the pillars of the church are only its sleepers.

☞ What class of ladies are apt to give tone to society? The belles.

☞ Gorham, I understand you can sneeze any time you want to; is that so?" "Yes, I suppose I have that little gift." "Queer; let me hear you sneeze now, this minute." "Oh, I don't want to now."

☞ A western paper advertises for an "honest boy to make a devil of."


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB'RY 27, 1869.

## TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—In order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.00; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

**SEWING MACHINE** Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 30 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 22 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.


NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

### BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply back numbers of THE POST to the first of the year. Additions can be made to clubs beginning at that time, at the club rates, and we will supply the back numbers so long as we have them.

## THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been.

In the way of new Novelets we are able already to announce:—

**Cut Adrift; or, The Tide of Fate.**
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

**The Red Court Farm.**
By MRS. WOOD, Author of "East Lynne."

**A New Novelet**
BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

**A New Novelet**
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "St. George and the Dragon."

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the more engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

### OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS.

Mr. M. B., of Ponchatoula, Louisiana, writes to us as follows of our Premium Engravings:—

"They are as fine a set of premiums as I ever saw, and I don't see how you can give such premiums to subscribers. Why, each premium is alone worth the price of the subscription, and I will try and get you another club if I possibly can. I am a thousand times obliged to you for those premiums. I hope you will get twice as many subscribers as you have, for your paper is the best family journal in the United States."

What our correspondent says as to the value of the Premiums—each being worth of itself the price of subscription, is simply true. You have only to step into a print store, and ask the price of *steel plate* engravings of a similar size, to be enlightened on this matter. Probably the lowest priced ones will be about three dollars. But we possess peculiar facilities, by which we are enabled to afford certain engravings at the merely nominal price we do, for the benefit of our subscribers, and the adornment of their homes.

IN AID OF THE POOR.—"Grand Soirees Magiques" will be given by Prof. Lippott in aid of the Mechanics' Benevolent Relief Association, at Athletic Hall, Thirteenth and Jefferson streets, on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of this month. Tickets 25 cents.

☞ The friends of a wit expressed some surprise that with his age and *his* fondness for the bottle he should have thought it worth while to marry. "A wife was necessary," he said, "they began to say that I drank too much for a single man."

☞ Bald-headed men take a joke more easily, because they are not at the trouble of "getting it through their hair."

### The Properties of Tea.

The physiological properties of tea are similar to those of coffee; it is slightly astringent and tonic, and when used without milk or sugar is a simple remedial agent in nausea and indigestion; but if sugar is added it is converted into a thin syrup, which is more apt to produce indigestion than the consumption of many times its weight of pure candy, since sugar is more digestible in the concentrated than in the dilute state. It is a mild stimulant to the skin and kidneys, it prevents sleepiness, counteracts the effects of alcohol, and reduces the rate of waste of the tissues, an action supposed to be due to the theine, or peculiar principle of the plant, the quantity of which is variously estimated from one-half of one to four per cent., and which closely resembles caffeine, or the principle of coffee. It is also an aphrodisiac of considerable power, and the rapid increase of the population in China is, by some, supposed to be due to its universal use by all classes. In addition to its other properties, the Chinese regard it as a preventive of gout and calculus. It no doubt has the power of preventing the latter; but this action is probably due to the fact that, if water is boiled, the greater part of the carbonate of lime it contains, and which would enter into the composition of a calculus, is precipitated; therefore the drinking of boiled water would be equally effective in influencing the prevalence of this disease. It is also narcotic and sedative, like opium; but like it, its action varies with the individual and the dose. To some, it is exhilarating to the nervous and calming to the vascular system. In the words of Waller,

The Muse's friend, tea, does our fancy aid
Repress those vapors which the head invade.

To others, on the contrary, it is highly deleterious, producing headache, and sometimes even causing paralysis and diabetes, especially when used to excess as in tea tasters.

The time of day at which tea is taken in different countries varies with the custom of each nation, as does most every other human habit. The Chinese drink it at all times, and keep the pot on the fire so that they "may moisten their lips" after the fashion of Sairy Gamp; others consider it almost sacrilege to take it at any other hour than in the evening and at *tea*, while many say with Gay,

At noon (the lady's matin hour)
I sip tea's delicious flower.

At whatever time it may be used there is no doubt that it acts much more energetically if taken on an empty stomach and without any other food.—*Dr. J. C. Draper, in March Galaxy.*

### The Elephant.

The elephant of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, says Mrs. Lee, used to play his visitors a trick which could not have been thought of but by an animal of intelligence. His house opened upon an inclosure called the elephant's park, containing a pond, in which he would lay himself under the water, concealing every part of him except the very end of his trunk, a mere speck, that would hardly be noticed by a stranger to the animal's habits. A crowd would often assemble around the inclosure, and, not seeing him in it, would watch in expectation that he would soon issue from his house. But whilst they were gazing about, a copious sprinkling of water would fall upon them, and ladies and gentlemen, with their fine bonnets and coats, would run for shelter under the trees, looking up at the clear sky and wondering whence such a shower should come. Immediately afterwards, however, they would see the elephant rising slowly from his bath, evincing, as it seemed, an awkward joy at the trick that he had played. In the course of time his amusement became generally known, and the moment the water began to rise from his trunk, the spectators would take flight, at which he appeared exceedingly delighted, getting up as fast as he could to see the bustle that he had caused. —*Anecdotes of Animals.*

☞ Somebody suggests that to Miss Dickinson's "What Answer?" the reply should be "Barkis is willin'."

☞ THE VELOCIPEDE.—This machine, for solitary locomotion, now the rage in Paris, is only an improvement of the *velocifere*, which was almost equally in vogue sixty years ago among the *Incroyables*, whose head-quarters was the Jardin des Hanovre, on the Boulevard de Italiens, and of the "Bucks," who shortly afterwards imitated them in Hyde Park. The resuscitation of this toy after a suspension of its usage during half a century is a curious fact.

☞ When my grandmother was at all unwell, she was somewhat irritable. A fidgety, nervous, chatty man, called upon her on one of her bad days. "Good heaven!" cried the old lady to him, "either sit down or stand up, but *don't do both at once.*"

☞ "How delightful it is," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "in these used-up times, to listen to the natural expressions and enthusiasm of a young fresh heart! The other evening at 'Monte Cristo' a dear boy in the stalls exclaimed, as Mrs. Caderousse went up stairs to murder the supposed jeweller, 'Mamma, mamma, if it's like the book, we shall see his blood drip, drip through the ceiling!'"

☞ The Marquis d'Ourches, by his will, founded a prize of 20,000 francs for the discovery of a sure and simple means of recognizing if death be real or apparent. Dr. Carriere, says the French *Courriere de l'Eure*, intends to claim the money for a process which he has employed for forty years. This system consists in placing the hand, with the fingers closed, before the flame of a lamp or candle. In the living person the members are transparent and of a pinkish color, showing the capillary circulation and life in full activity; while in that of a corpse, on the contrary, all is dull and dark, presenting neither sign of existence nor trace of the blood current.

☞ Brigham Young has telegraph wires leading to his office and connecting with every hamlet in Utah—a line 500 miles long. Every settlement of half a dozen houses has a telegraph office, with a female saint operator, and in charge of a bishop of the Mormon Church, and who can report at any time all that takes place to Young. From his private office in Salt Lake City, like the watchman in the fire telegraph, Brigham may give an order or ring an alarm from Idaho to New Mexico.

☞ The difference between firmness and obstinacy is that the former holds opinions, while the latter is held by them.

☞ Wisconsin, or, as it is more properly spelled, Ouisconsin, means "Gathering of the Waters."

### The Vitality of Faith.

Faith is often esteemed visionary; perhaps it often is. But faith is the great vital principle of human action. It is the motive power of industry. It is the basis of commercial wealth. It is the inspiration of invention. It is the starting-point of endeavor. It is the condition of temporal activity, and spiritual life. It is generally anterior, and, as an essential, often superior, to knowledge. Faith is the great conserving power of the Social and Religious systems. The vitality of Paganism is its profound faith in the Superhuman: of Judaism, in Prophecy; of Islamism, in One God; of Christianism, in Christ. Everything which disturbs this is a disintegrating force. Destroy it, and those immense fabrics will fall in pieces. Faith is the life of the World, the cohesion of the Universe.

## THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been very quiet. About 9000 bbls sold at $5@5,50 for superfine, $5,50@6,50 for extra, $7@7,50 for Iowa and Wisconsin extra family, $7,75@7,75 for Minnesota family, $8@9,25 for Penna extra family, $8,50@10 for Ohio extra family, and $10,50@12,50 ₰ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells at $7@7,25 ₰ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat is scarce. 25,000 bus of fair to prime red sold at $1,70@1,90, 12,0 0 bus of Western amber at $1,82½@1,95, several small lots at $2, and white at $2,10@2,30 ₰ bus, according to quality. Rye—5000 bus sold at $1,55@1,60 for Western and Penna. Corn—50,000 bus of yellow sold at 87@90c, and 15,000 bus of white at 84@87c ₰ bus. Oats—42,000 bus of Western sold at 72@76c, 10,000 bus of Southern at 55@65c, and 15,000 bus of Penna at 65@70c ₰ bus, according to quality.

PROVISIONS—There is less doing; sales of Mess Pork at $23@23,50. Green Meats; sales of 200 tcs pickled Hams at 18@18½c. Lard; sales of 200 bbls and tcs Western at 20@21c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter; sales of solid packed at 20@25c, and prime roll at 30@35c. Cheese; sales of prime factory at 21@22c.

COTTON—About 900 bales of middlings sold at 29@29c for Uplands, and 30@31c for New Orleans.

SEEDS—Clover seed is in demand; 4000 bus sold at $9,75@10, according to quality. Timothy; 1200 bus sold at $2,45@3,50. Flaxseed is selling at $2,65 ₰ bus.

☞ A very amusing, though not a very creditable, incident took place at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, in London, lately. "School" was just about to be performed for the first time, when a gentleman entered the stalls whose head was adorned with a stock of hair of the most extraordinary dimensions. Instantly from all parts of the house arose a shout of "The Frightful Hair"—the name of the burlesque upon Lord Lytton's drama by Mr. A'Beckett—and the audience literally "rose at" the joke, and greeted the unfortunate gentleman with an enthusiasm which he did not appear to appreciate. All of which ought to be a warning to those who frequent public places not to make themselves more conspicuous than they can help.

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from 10½@11 cts ₰ lb. 200 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₰ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 6½@8c ₰ lb. 2000 Hogs sold at from $18,00 to 18,50 ₰ 100 lbs.

☞ I should like to see introduced here the English fashion of fortnightly market days, where, at the central town on a particular day, buyers and sellers should meet, the one with productions, the other with money, for mutual exchange. I believe this would promote and satisfy the social feeling, which now may sometimes go hungry; and I am sure it would be particularly beneficial. Five good farmers can start it in any district.—*Galaxy.*

**Burnett's Cocoaine**

For promoting the growth and beautifying the hair, and rendering it dark and glossy. The Cocoaine holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized Cocoanut Oil, prepared expressly for this purpose.

No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.

It softens the hair when harsh and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp.
It affords the richest lustre.
It remains longest in effect.
It prevents the hair from falling off.
It promotes its healthy, vigorous growth.
It is not greasy or sticky.
It leaves no disagreeable odor.
It is the *best* and *cheapest* hair-dressing in the world. It promotes the Growth of the Hair, and is entirely free from all irritating matter.

☞ An ingenious individual has devised the means of making 10,000 francs per year from the macadamized roads of Paris. He collects the mud from the streets, which near the houses in course of construction contains so much stone dust, he then places it in large tubs, passes the deposit through sieves, allows it to form a concrete, which he then forms into the long, yellow bricks for knife-cleaning. The material costs nothing, the labor is insignificant, but the bricks sell for one frank each.

**Look Out, Don't Touch it,**

unless in pure white wrappers, both Wolcott's PAIN PAINT, for pain, and his ANNIHILATOR, for Catarrh. Take none other, or you are cheated. Sold by all druggists. feb27-2t

THE DAUGHTER OF VICTOR HUGO.—Drowned together by the upsetting of a boat in the Seine, the death of Charles Vacquerie and his wife was one of those thrilling events of real life, which surpass those of fiction in pathos and in the emotion their mere narration excites. A powerful swimmer, and able to save his own life, when he saw that he could not save that of his wife, that devoted husband folded his arms around her and died with her.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—Mothers, are your children suffering from ringworm or scald head? Apply this great remedy at once, and remove a sight so disagreeable to the family. Sold by all druggists.

AT a recent dinner in New York, at which no ladies were present, a man, in responding to the toast on "Woman," dwelt almost solely on the frailty of the sex, claiming that the best among them were little better than the worst, the chief difference being in the surroundings.

At the conclusion of the speech, a gentleman present rose to his feet, and said:

"I trust the gentleman, in the application of his remarks, refers to his *own* mother and sisters, and not to *ours.*"

The effect was tremendous.

**A Great Success.**—"Brick" Pomeroy's new Daily in New York City is one of the greatest and most successful newspaper enterprises of the country. His new weekly "*Pomeroy's Democrat*" is increasing in circulation a thousand copies per day. Send for sample copies to *M. M. Pomeroy, Printing House Square, New York City.*

☞ The population of the United States, taken by revenue officers, approaches thirty-seven millions. About a ninth of the whole are colored persons.

### "Home, Sweet Home."

When Charles Kemble became manager of Covent Garden, he purchased a batch of John Howard Payne's manuscripts for the gross sum of two hundred and thirty pounds; and a play was fished out from the mess, changed by Payne into an opera, and produced as "Clari, the Maid of Milan." Miss Tree, the elder sister of Mrs. Charles Kean, was in the first cast, and sang "Home, Sweet Home," one of the "gems" of this piece. It made an astounding hit, was speedily the popular favorite, and even at this day we may say that the air and words are the surest key, on the reappearance of a pet *diva*, to unlock the hearts of her welcomers. "Sweet Home" was only reckoned at thirty pounds to its author, but was a fortune to those who purchased it. In 1833, one hundred thousand copies had been sold by the original publisher, and the profits within two years after its issue, were two thousand guineas. For all this, it is nothing but a homely, unpoetical statement of the most characteristic sentiment of the Teutonic race. The music had gained no former triumph; but wedded to the idea of home, and sounded in Anglo-Saxon ears, it became irresistible, and will hold its own for generations. "'Midst pleasures and palaces" is as bad as can be, but match it with the assertion "There's no place like home!" and we all accept the one for the sake of the other. Nor is it strange that in America—where homes are so transitory and people are like the brooks which go on forever—this sentiment should take hold as firmly as in the motherland. It is because our home-tenure here is so precarious that we cling to its idealization. Conversely, we have little of that itch to possess land—to own so many roods of earth to the centre—which our adopted citizens display. The Yankee undervalues the attainable, and is so used to see land at low rates about him, that he can scarcely understand the eagerness with which a Frenchman or German receives his title-deeds to some barren hillside in Pennsylvania, or a quarter section along the overland route.—*E. C. Stedman, in Galaxy.*

### The Inclement Season,

*And its effects on the Weak and Feeble.*

The drafts which searching cold makes upon the vital powers of the debilitated and delicate are not less severe than the drain upon their strength caused by excessive heat. The vast disparity between the temperature of over-heated rooms and offices, at this season, and the frigidity of the outer air, is a truthful source of sickness. To fortify the body against the evil consequences of the sudden alternations of heat and cold referred to, the vital organization should be strengthened and endowed with extra resistant power by the use of a wholesome invigorant; and, of all preparations for this purpose, (whether embraced in the regular pharmacopœia, or advertised in the public journals,) there is none that will compare in purity and excellence with HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. Acting directly upon the organ which converts the food into the fuel of life, the preparation imparts to it a tone and vigor which is communicated to every fibre of the frame. The digestive function being accelerated by its tonic operation, the liver regulated by its anti-bilious properties, and the waste matter of the system carried off punctually by its mild aperient action, the whole organization will necessarily be in the best possible condition to meet the shocks of winter and the sudden changes of temperature. The weak and sensitive, especially, cannot encounter these vicissitudes with safety, unless their tender systems are strengthened and braced by artificial means. Every liquor sold as a staple of trade is adulterated, and, were it otherwise, mere alcohol is simply a temporary excitant, which, when its first effects have subsided, leaves the physical powers (and the mind as well,) in a worse condition than before. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, on the other hand, contain the essential properties of the most valuable tonic and alterative roots, barks and herbs, and their active principal is the mellowest, least exciting, and most innocuous of all diffusive stimulants. feb6-4t

☞ FOREST LAND.—Of the nineteen million acres of land in the state of South Carolina, only one-fourth is under cultivation. The remainder, some 14,500,000, is mainly in primeval forest. Fully half of the 4,500,000 now under *quasi* cultivation is for sale, some of it even so low as one dollar per acre, and ranging from that up to twenty dollars.

**Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.**

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar16-eow-tf

☞ The pleasant ways in which a scrupulously regulated diet affects the physical as well as moral man, are infinite. A recent experimentalist found that when he ate moderately, and had brought himself into sound health, the same shoes were easy which had been tight. He studied a pair of shoes. He had a pair rather smaller than usual, which afforded him the opportunity of making his observations with great accuracy. Having purposely tried excess of diet, he found them so painful as to be unbearable on the feet. But they were perfectly easy and comfortable when he ate only that happy quantity—enough. Our philosopher traces even corns to indigestion.

HUNT'S COUNTY TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

**Hunt's Bloom of Roses.**

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.18. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

### Hats.

A Philadelphia publishing-house has produced a history of hats. From it, it appears that hats were used by the Dorics probably as long ago as the time of Homer, but only by the better classes of citizens when on a distant journey; the Elgin marbles show that the same custom prevailed among Athenians. The Romans used a cap at their sacrifices, but hats with brims when journeying. In the thirteenth century Pope Innocent allowed cardinals to use scarlet hats, and about the middle of the fifteenth century hats became common in France, and soon after in the rest of Europe. St. Clement is said to have invented felt to guard the heads of pilgrims against inclement weather. The first authentic account of hatters appears during the middle ages, the earliest spoken of being at Nuremberg in 1360. The hatting trade of America is noted first by the London Board of Trade in the year 1732. In the fifteenth century, hats in Great Britain were called vanities, were imported, and cost as high as forty English shillings, which, at that time, was a large sum. Broad-brims reached their ultimatum about the year 1700, after which three-cornered hats came in vogue. The hatters' annual festival is November 23, being the date of Queen Elizabeth's grant to the hatters of London.

☞ Hops sell in Oxford county, Me., for ten cents per pound. Last year at this time they brought forty-five and fifty-five cents per pound.

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of Jan., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JOHN L. DAVIS to Miss H. ANNIE PEPPER, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. GEORGE M. SINGLEY to Miss MARIAH E. MILLER, both of this city.

On the 20th of Jan., by the Rev. W. R. Hobinson, Mr. JACOB R. SMITH, of Montgomery county, Pa., to Miss LIZZIE C. SCOT, of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. FREDERICK R. DUCH to Miss SERENA, daughter of the late Saml. Rice, Esq., of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, D. D., Mr. ROBERT BORLAND to Miss ISABELLA GRAHAM, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. J. B. Maddox, Mr. EDWARD M. PAYNTER to Mrs. MARY A. LANE, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, CHARLES N. BANCKER, Esq., in his 92d year.

On the 16th instant, CHARLES HARMER, in his 42d year.

On the 15th instant, MARY A. HUDDELL, daughter of the late Washington A. and Mary B. Huddell.

On the 15th instant, THOMAS F. ASHTON, in his 82d year.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. MARY CHAPMAN, in her 71st year.

On the 14th instant, JOHN T. ANDREWS, in his 35th year.

On the 14th instant, CAROLINE, daughter of Jesse and Lydia Benner, in her 30th year.

On the 13th instant, JAMES P. ALBERTSON, in his 21st year.

On the 13th instant, ELEANOR CLARK, in her 56th year.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

**Secrets of the Great City,**

A Work descriptive of the VIRTUES and the VICES, the MYSTERIES, MISERIES and CRIMES of New York City.

If you wish to know how Fortunes are made and lost in a day; how Shrewd Men are ruined in Wall street; how Countrymen are swindled by Sharpers; how Ministers and Merchants are Blackmailed; how Dance Halls and Concert Saloons are Managed; how Gambling Houses and Lotteries are conducted; how Stock and Oil Companies Originate and how the Bubbles Burst, read this work. It contains 35 fine engravings; tells all about the Mysteries and Crimes of New York, and is the Spiciest and Cheapest work of the kind published.

ONLY $2.50 PER COPY.

☞ Send for CIRCULARS and SEE OUR TERMS, and a full description of the work. Address, JONES BROTHERS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

**CAUTION.**—Inferior works of a similar character are being circulated. See that the books you buy contain 35 fine engravings and sell at $2.50 per copy. fe18-4t

☞ A gentleman took his country cousin to the theatre recently. On coming out, he remarked: "They played well, didn't they?" The cousin from the rural district looked around at him and said, "Of course they did; that's what they are paid to do." There's practical criticism for you!

**$75** *to $200 per month*, everywhere, by male or female agents to sell a newly invented and elegantly constructed $10 *Sewing Machine*, noiseless in operation, uses the *straight Needle*, sews with *double or single thread*, makes the running hand stitch, will *gather, hem, ruffle, skirr, tuck, run up, bread-ithe, &c.*, requires no lubrication or change of stitch, *cannot get out of order* and will *last a life time*. Is a favorite everywhere and a great mechanical success. Imitations or infringements will be vigorously prosecuted. Illustrated circulars with testimonials free. Single Machines will be expressed to any address on receipt of $10. APEX SEWING MACHINE CO., 308 Broadway, New York. feb18-4t

☞ A local poet indited a sonnet to his mistress, entitled "I kissed her *sub rosa.*" The compositor knew better than that, and set it up in printers' Latin, "I kissed her *snub nosa.*"

**QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOAP.**

*Queen of England Soap. Queen of England Soap*

For doing a family washing in the best and cheapest manner. Guaranteed equal to any in the world; has all the strength of the old rosin soap with the mild and lathering qualities of genuine Castile. Try this splendid Soap. Sold by the

ALDEN CHEMICAL WORKS,
1y18-1y 48 North Front St., Philadelphia.

☞ Old Johnny Grim of Newville, Johnson county, Indiana, aged seventy-six years, was lately presented with a bouncing boy by his kind-hearted "old woman," who is over sixty.

AGENTS WANTED.—"Magic Drawing Sheets." Price 10 cents. Three for 25 cents. Address A. BARKER & BRO., Fort Byron, Ills. sep26-3m

☞ A little thief in Cincinnati has been sent to the workhouse for six months. He is 14 years of age, and his last arrest was his 20th.

**$100 A MONTH TO AGENTS.**—Wanted First Class Agents Male and Female. We have nothing for curiosity seekers, but *steady* and very *profitable* employment for those who *really* mean business either *Ladies* or *Gents*. For full particulars by return mail, address enclosing a 3 cent stamp, C. L. VANALLEN & CO., 48 New St., New York City. oct3-6m

### Marriage.

In a recent article in "Putnam" by the distinguished authoress, Mrs. R. Harding Davis, upon this subject, she says:—

"To speak plainly, I believe that the old type of the woman, whose real life comes to her through the love of home, husband, and children, is irrevocably fixed by nature, in the hearts of all men and the majority of women, as *the highest and best*, and that the chief obstacle in the way of obtaining new work and wider careers for us now, is the mistake of our spokeswomen in ridiculing that old figure, and in declaring such work and careers incompatible with it. The quiet, retiring home-wife and home-mother, with her strength or her sillinesses, all men have tried and tested; but this new creature, who has no blush, whether her words are heard by one or a thousand, vociferously claiming to be man's equal, politically and in mental stature, and his superior spiritually, is, justly or not, a something utterly distasteful to the masculine mind. It remembers that the women who have been most *efficient* in help to the last century, have been personally unknown to the crowd. It reasons the matter out briefly enough. 'If this is to be the result of making my daughter a clerk or engraver or physician, let her, in God's name, stay at home, and take the only chance for women—get a husband, if she can.'

"I would be less eager than Eliza, too, to claim what she vehemently terms her natural and inalienable right of suffrage. It galls her beyond endurance, on election-day, to watch ignorant, drunken boors—Dutch Jake and Irish Jim—crowding to the polls, while she is forced to sit at home, passive and useless. It seems to me that if Eliza's motive is the good of her country, she might be contented to stay away from the ballot-box, if she must take with her the wives of Jake and Jim, invariably more ignorant than their husbands of politics. It does not anger me so much that 'women, negroes, and idiots' are together debarred the use of the ballot, so long as neither women, negroes, nor idiots are, as a mass, fitted to use it intelligently.

"Of what avail would it be to throw heavier weights of ignorance headlong into the political scale, only for a few skillful hands to arrange and manipulate, precisely as they are doing now?"

**"GET THE BEST."**

*THE REASON WHY*

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LIBERAL TERMS TO AGENTS AND CLUBS.

**G. P. PUTNAM & SON,**
feb20-tf 661 Broadway, New York.

☞ The most common error of men and women is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found, and never will be while the world stands. Of all the miserable human beings it has been our lot to know, they were the most wretched who had retired from useful employments, in order to enjoy themselves.

**The World Turns Round Every Day,**

And brings us one day nearer that Great Horse Pond of Oblivion,—therefore, lose no time in investigating *the Great Original and only TWO DOLLAR SALE* in the United States. The richest and most extensive variety of Goods ever offered to the public for twice that amount. A new Patent Article given free with every check.

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Agents wanted everywhere.

Write your own name, town, county, and State plainly. WILLIAMS, CRANE & CO.,
84 and 86 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

P. S.—Please state in what paper you saw this advertisement. feb13-4t

☞ Says Ruskin: "You know that to give alms is nothing unless you give thought also; and that therefore it is written, not 'Blessed is he that *feedeth* the poor,' but 'blessed is he that *considereth* the poor.'"

☞ An eminent physician says Americans are too silent at their meals. Cheerful converse at meals greatly aids digestion.

### WHAT THE WINDS TOLD ME.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELLA WHEELER.

The winds came from the West—
Came softly, mildly.
"What tidings do you bring?"
I questioned wildly.
They sang a tender tune,
And answered lightly—
"Your darling's path is fair!
The sun shines brightly."

The winds came from the West—
Came shrieking, groaning.
"What tidings now, oh winds?"
My heart cried moaning.
They answered loud and wild—
"Where danger stalketh,
And death is waiting near,
Your darling walketh."

The winds came from the West—
Came weeping, wailing.
"Oh, tell me—tell me, winds?"
My heart cried failing.
"Where none are near to soothe,"
They answered sighing,
"In loneliness and pain,
Your love is dying."

The winds came from the West—
Came sadly sobbing.
And with an awful fear
My heart was throbbing.
I wildly questioned them
Amidst my weeping.
"All still and white," they said,
"Your love is sleeping."

## The Ghost Discovered.

In 1806, there lived at Paris a celebrated man who professed, even to fanaticism, a love of his native country. This was Dr. Bayle, physician in ordinary to the Emperor Napoleon.

The doctor was born in a little village of the lower Alps, called Pernot; and when the duties of his profession permitted, he abandoned his rich patronage, and the sumptuous imperial residence, to go and live some days with the good peasants, his own comrades, under the modest roof where he was born.

There, during the winter, the mountains and valleys are covered with snow, the torrent becomes mute, and one only hears, at long intervals, a hardy, white-breasted blackbird, whistling from the top of a juniper tree. No human being ventures across the fields; beasts and men often shelter themselves together in stables, where they pass eight entire months in the most perfect intimacy and harmony.

The arrival of the good doctor was hailed by all the inhabitants of the valley as a happy event. His kindred, even to the fifth degree, hastened to see him from all parts of the country, each accompanied by some invalid who came to ask health of the illustrious physician. When this flood of visitors had a little subsided, the doctor divided his time into two parts. The days he devoted to study, the evenings to his friends.

One evening in December, near Christmas, the assembly of friends was more numerous than usual; the snow was falling without, and all was dark. Suddenly the door opened, and a youth of the village entered. The new comer first shook the snow from his hat, then he laid aside his *caban* (that is the name the herdsmen of the lower Alps have always given their mantles) and saluted with these words—a local formula—

"God be with you! Good-evening, Monsieur le Docteur, and all the company."

"Good-evening, Peter," replied the doctor; "it seems there is bad weather out of doors."

"So bad," answered Peter, "that—without offence to the company—if you had not been here, I should not have come. I should have stayed with our sheep. Had it not been for you," added he, with some embarrassment, "I should have been afraid."

"How without me?" asked M. Bayle. "It seems I was too far from you to give you courage."

"The fact is," replied Peter, "the night is so dark one can hardly see two steps before one. I came almost *groping* my way, when, before the house of Master Remusat I perceived something like a light; one would have said it was a female clothed in white. At first I was frightened; then I recollected that you had often explained to us how the lights that the wood-choppers and country people take for ghosts are often produced by rotten wood; so I walked right up to it, and found it was the great trunk of a dead tree placed before the door, which had frightened me so."

"And if you had not approached it boldly," said the doctor, "you would have recounted to your children and grandchildren, that you had encountered in your youth a ghost, before the house of M. Remusat."

"With regard to ghosts, then, Monsieur le Docteur, you do not believe it true that the dead come back?"

"As a Christian and a man of sense, no; I do not believe it. But you, Peter! are you not ashamed to retain a doubt on this subject?"

"Saving your presence, Monsieur Bayle," cried an old woman, who was spinning at a wheel in the corner, "you are wrong to talk in this way to the young. My poor father—God rest his soul!—was just like you; he did not believe in ghosts; but one night as he entered the church alone, he saw two great spirits fly around the altar many times; they even spoke to him in a voice like that of a little child; but he could not understand what they said. My father returned trembling to the house, and so much afraid, poor man, that he was deadly pale. After that it was needless to say there were no ghosts."

"My poor Margaret," replied the doctor, "it is too late now to convince you of your mistake, and I shall not undertake it. But, without offence to your father, I must tell these young people that the poor dear man had drank more than one cup, when he fancied he saw all that he related to you, and I am very sure that it was spirits of wine rather than ghostly spirits which made him look so pale."

"What do you say, then?" replied the old woman, angrily; "dare you this evening, at the holy hour of Christmas, go alone, and without a light, to walk in the church."

"I will go, certainly; why should I not? There are no thieves in the country. What should I fear?"

"Ghosts, Monsieur Bayle, ghosts!" cried the old woman. "It is impossible that it can be agreeable to encounter a ghost. My poor father—Heaven rest his soul—was like you."

"Let me go," cried M. Bayle, impatiently. "I see that to convince you one must act. Only tell me what you wish me to bring back, to prove that I have been in the church."

"Oh, a very little thing," said, in a tone half jesting, half earnest, a peasant, who till then had remained silent, and who was no other than the bell-ringer of the village. "Here is the key of the church; open the door, go straight to the main altar, which is opposite the door, and pass behind it. In groping about with your hands, you will find a hole; at the bottom of that hole there is a human skull. They say doctors have no fear of such things; if you will bring that skull, we shall indeed see that you have been in the church."

"Certainly, I will bring it, and perhaps a good cold besides, to cure you all of two evils of which people rarely get cured—fear and prejudice," murmured M. Bayle.

He put on a thick cloak, and prepared to set out. As he was upon the door-sill, old Margaret cried out—

"Believe me, Monsieur Bayle, better unsay your words than make a bad bargain—remain at home."

But without listening more, he shrugged up his shoulders, and disappeared. The doctor entered the church and had no difficulty in finding the hole behind the altar. He plunged his arm into the opening, reached the head, drew it towards him, and seized it with both hands. At the same moment, it seemed to him that he heard a low and plaintive sound. He attributed this to a grating produced by the bone in contact with the stone. When he was in the middle of the church the same sound was reproduced, more distinctly and painful than at first.

"It is an owl," said the doctor, to himself, and he went out. To shut the door, he laid the head upon the ground, and when he had turned the key in the lock, he stooped down. No sooner had he taken up the head, than he heard the same sound repeated. This surprised him greatly, but he said to himself immediately—

"That plaintive sound does not proceed from this inert body. From what place then does it come?"

And in walking he listened attentively to the sound of his steps to discover the effects of his movements. Soon no doubt remained; two moans were heard simultaneously, and this time he was sure that they came out of the skull. His conscience revolted at first against the evidence.

"There must be," said he, to himself, "organs to produce the articulate sounds that I hear, and there are no living organs in this insensible bone."

He shook the head between his clenched hands, and heard nothing. He calculated its weight, and found that to be nothing extraordinary. He now felt assured of the absurdity. He repeated—

"I must have been deceived. These noises were only in my imagination."

His conviction, however, was of short duration. The plaintive cries succeeded each other rapidly three times more, and doubt became impossible. Under the influence of a vague terror, he was incapable of reasoning and seeking out the natural causes of this strange noise. He reproached himself for his pride in the presence of his friends. He thought this might be a miracle to humble his vanity. His forehead was covered with sweat, his legs trembled, and it seemed to him that he was nailed to the place and could not walk a step.

At last he returned to the house. The door was opened. His friends were waiting for him. He entered. At his appearance the silent assembly trembled. He was deadly pale, and his fixed look had something dreadful in it.

When he was in the middle of the room he laid down the skull; at the same moment a double cry was heard from it, and the doctor fell fainting. His friends now became terrified. The old bell-ringer alone remained unmoved, and came forward to the aid of M. Bayle, who was slowly recovering. His first words were—

"The head?"

"It is here, monsieur."

"Have you heard that noise?"

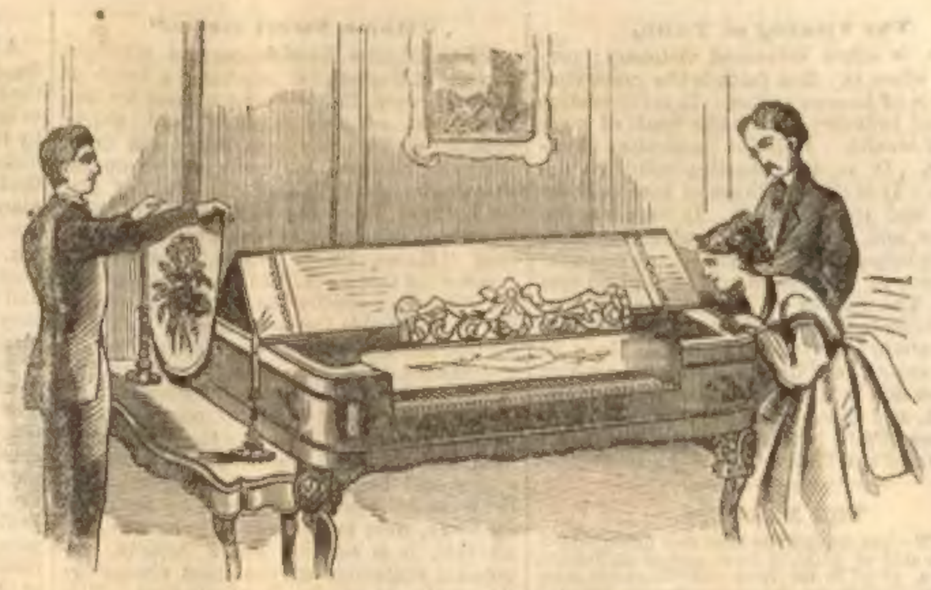
"Certainly."

"What then is there in that skull?" murmured M. Bayle.

"Probably a nest of bats; there has been one in it every year," responded the old bell-ringer.

M. Bayle rallied; but the villagers dare not approach. He took the skull into his hands, and thrusting his fingers into the occipital opening, he drew out some fragments of straw and old linen rags; it was the nest of two young bats, which presently appeared, and being too feeble to fly, fell heavily upon the ground, flapping their little wings.

"Behold the ghost!" said Doctor Bayle. "You see it, my poor friends; yet I, for a moment, even I, was afraid."



THE PIANO KALEIDOSCOPE.

There are numerous ways in which young people can entertain themselves during the long evenings, and in many of them instruction and pleasure may be happily combined. The ordinary appointments of home can be employed frequently to this end. As a means of affording rare enjoyment apart from its legitimate melodious service, the piano is excellent when put to kaleidoscopic duty.

Any one who has a square piano-forte can readily prepare a highly interesting optical exhibition by observing these directions and illustrations. The principal engraving is a perspective view, showing the manner in which the exhibition is given; and Figure 2 is an end view of the piano, showing how the kaleidoscopic tube is formed.

*Fig. 2.*

The front portion, *a*, of the top of the piano is turned back on its hinges over the main portion, *c*, to an angle of sixty degrees or less, and supported in that position by placing under its edge a book, *b*, or other suitable prop; and the cloth cover is then placed over the portion of the top which is thus thrown back, in such manner as to close the opening behind it. A triangular tube, A, of the whole length of the piano, is thus formed, the portions of the top, *a* and *c*, comprising the bottom and front sides, and the cloth cover forming the third or rear side thereof. The surfaces of *a* and *b* form the reflectors of the kaleidoscope. A small table, or any other convenient stand is placed close to one end of the piano, with two candles or small lamps upon it, one on each side of the mouth of the tube A, placed so they are not visible in looking through the tube from the opposite end.

Thus is the arrangement complete. Now let any brightly figured article, such as a piece of carpet, a shawl, a quilt, or a bit of colored embroidery, be held up near the lights, so that they will shine upon that side which is toward the tube, as shown in the picture, and be moved about in as many directions as possible, and a person looking through the tube will see an almost endless variety of beautiful figures, far more brilliant than those witnessed in an ordinary kaleidoscope. In fact, almost any article moved about at the lighted end of the tube will produce singularly pleasing effects.

## THE RED COURT FARM.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE, OR DONE IN PASSION," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER III.

CLARA LAKE'S DREAM.*

It was certainly a singular dream, well worthy of being recorded. Taken in conjunction with its notable working out, few dreams have been so remarkable. At least, if it may be deemed that subsequent events did work it out. The reader must judge.

Mr. and Mrs. Lake retired to rest as usual, eating no supper. When they had fish or meat with tea, supper was not served. On this evening he drank some wine-and-water before going to bed; she touched nothing. Therefore it cannot be thought she suffered from nightmare.

It was a singular dream; let me repeat the assertion. And it was in the earlier part of the night that it visited her. How soon after she went to sleep, how late, there were no means of knowing.

Part of the evening's doings came to her again in her sleep. She thought that Mrs. Chester called, went on to the Jupps' house, returned to drink tea, and gave the invitation to go to her house at Guild on the Sunday—all just as it had been in reality. Clara also thought that she felt an insuperable objection to go, in spite of having accepted the invitation. Not the vague idea that had presented itself to her awake, the half-wish that she had not made the engagement, but a strong, irrepressible conviction that the going would bring her evil—but accompanied with a conviction, a knowledge, so to say, that she should go, that it was her fate to go, and that she could not avoid it. She dreamt that Mrs. Chester had departed, and that she was discussing the point with her husband. They were in a kitchen, a large kitchen quite strange to her, and were standing by a small, round, dark-colored table in its middle. The fireplace, as Clara stood, was behind her; the window, a wide one, with an ironing board underneath it, was in front; a dresser with shelves was on her left hand; and there were several doors, leading she did not know where. Altogether, the kitchen looked large and bleak, something like those we see in farm-houses; and, seated on a chair to the right, apparently engaged in sewing, and taking no notice of them, Clara suddenly saw Mrs. Chester. She and her husband were discussing earnestly—to go, or not to go. It appeared that both felt some evil was impending, but yet both knew they *should* go and encounter it, in spite of the hesitation: and yet Clara seemed to feel that her husband could have helped her to remain if he would. "What excuse can we make for declining?" she seemed to say to him, and then they both thought over various pleas, but none appeared to answer, and they came to the final conclusion that go they must; which they both had known throughout would be the conclusion. All the time they spoke, Mrs. Chester was sitting in her chair, listening, but taking no notice; and upon arriving at the decision Clara and her husband parted, he going towards one of the kitchen doors, she towards the window; but so sharp was the conviction that she was rushing upon evil, that she awoke.

Clare thought it a curious dream—curious because it represented what had actually occurred, and the bent of her own feelings; curious also because it was so unusually vivid, so like reality. She got out of bed quietly, not to disturb her husband, struck a wax match, and looked at the hanging watch. It was exactly three o'clock.

But the dream was not yet over. She went to sleep again, taking up the thread almost at the point were she had left it. She remembered all that had passed *both of dream and reality;* she remembered that she awoke in the certainty that she could not go beside the dreaded expedition; all *that* was plain in this, her second sleep, but she now began making strenuous exertions to escape. She did not see her husband again, but Mary Ann and Margaret Jupp had joined Mrs. Chester, and the three seemed to be forcing her to go. Not by force of violence, but of argument, of persuasion; and she still seemed to know that they must prevail, that to withstand at the last would be beyond her power.

The time appeared to change to the morning of departure: or rather, with that inconsistency peculiar to dreams, it appeared to be the morning of the departure without having changed. Still she strove against it; not saying why, not hinting that she feared evil; of that, she had only spoken with her husband; but striving, not to go, by every possible argument, and by *passive* resistance. And—strange inconsistency!—it appeared that if she could have told them the reason of her reluctance, her dread of evil, all would have been well; but it was precisely to them that she must not and dared not tell it.

To any who may fancy the description of the dream unnecessarily spun out, the small details too much dwelt upon, I would say just a word. It is difficult to shorten that real dream of midnight sufficiently for it to be told within reasonable bounds. No pen can trace its particulars as they appeared; no power of language describe them as they were pictured. And now to resume it.

Mrs. Chester and the Miss Jupps urged her to depart; were waiting for her. Clara Lake resisted. "There!" she suddenly exclaimed to them, "we cannot go. It is past ten: we have let the hour go by, and the train is gone." "Oh!" said Mrs. Chester, "we can get a carriage and overtake it." She went out with them—resistance appeared to be over; she *felt* that it was over, and that she could not help herself—went out to look for a carriage. They ran about, down lanes and in the open fields, and could not see one; but a butcher's cart came up in the lane; one of them said that would do as well as a carriage, and they all got into it. They seemed to fly, going along at a fearful pace, but through a most dreary-looking country, the skies gloomy, the scenery barren, and the road muddy, so muddy that it splashed up upon them as they sat: there were also shallow, dismal ponds through which they drove. All this haste seemed to be to catch the train, but suddenly a noise was heard behind them, and it was known that it was the train: they had gone so fast as to outstrip it. Their cart stopped to wait, and Clara, when the noise came close, looked behind, but could only distinguish something black which whirled by them, turned round, came back, turned again, and pulled up. "Why, it is a hearse!" she screamed out (but in surprise, not in fear,) to Mrs. Chester. Yes, it was a hearse, all black, and two men sat upon the box. Clara looked out expecting to see the rest of their party on it, but there was no one but the two men: the one she could not see, for he seemed to hide his face; but she caught, fixed upon her, the strangely black eyes of the driver, the blackest eyes she ever saw in her life: of the rest of his face she remembered nothing. "Come," said he, "there's no time to lose;" and they all four descended from the cart. Clara got on to the hearse first, and was settling her cloak around her, when she heard the cart drive off, taking the road home again; and, seated in it as before, were Mrs. Chester and Mary and Margaret Jupp. "Why don't you come with me?" she called out; "why are you going back?" "No," said Mrs. Chester, "that hearse is for you, not for us;" and they drove off. The hearse also drove off the contrary way, and Mrs. Lake found herself sinking into its interior. She was calm enough for a moment, but suddenly she knew that she had been entrapped into it, and that she was being taken to her burial.

With a dreadful scream she awoke.

The scream awoke Mr. Lake. She was bathed in perspiration, and shaking as in an ague fit. In vain he asked what was the matter, whether she was ill; she could not speak to tell him, and it was several minutes before she was able in any degree to overcome the fright, or relate it to him.

Robert Lake had no belief in dreams; was given to scoff at them; but he had too much regard for his wife to attempt to scoff then, in her extremity of distress and agitation. He got up and lighted a lamp, for though morning was glimmering it could not be said to be yet light.

"I am quite certain that it is sent to me as a warning," she exclaimed; "and I will not go on Sunday to Guild."

"I never knew before that you could believe in dreams," he answered.

"I do not believe in dreams; I have never had any particular dreams to believe in. But you must acknowledge, Robert, that this one is beyond common. I cannot describe to you how vivid, how *real* everything appeared to me. And it was not one dream; it was two; that at least is unusual. The second dream was a continuation of the first."

"The one induced the other. I dare say you saw a hearse pass yesterday."

"I have not seen a hearse for ever so long," she answered, still shivering. "But, go to your sister's, I will not. Thank heaven! though the power to refuse was not mine in the dream, it is in reality."

But that it was not the time to do it, he could have laughed outright at the superstitious folly. He spoke pleasant, loving words to her, almost as one would to a frightened child, trying to soothe her back to tranquillity.

"Clara; consider! the very fact of your being able to act as you please, which it seems you could not do in the dream, ought to convince you how void of meaning it was."

"I will not go to Mrs. Chester's," was all she reiterated, with a strange sigh of relief—a sense of thanksgiving that the option was assuredly hers.

"Wait for the morning sun," said he. "You will be in a different mood then."

She did not rise so soon as usual. She had got to sleep again at last, first of all making a firm inward resolution that no persuasion, no ridicule, no "morning sun"—in whose cheery rays things indeed wear a different aspect from what they do in the dark and weird night—should suffice to alter her determination. The warning against going she fully believed to have been sent to her, and she would abide by it.

Mr. Lake waited breakfast for his wife. She came down in her delicate muslin dress, looking as pretty as usual. At first she made no allusion to the past night; neither did he—he hoped it was at an end; but when breakfast was about half over, she glanced up at him in her rather shy manner, speaking in a low tone.

"I have a request to beg of you, Robert—that you will not mention this dream to any one. I will make some other excuse for not going to Guild."

"Dream!" cried he, speaking with his mouth full. "Why, Clary, I had already forgotten it. And so will you before the day shall be over."

She shook her head.

"I shall send word to Penelope that I cannot go."

Mr. Lake put down his knife and fork and gazed at her in astonishment. To his sober, practical mind, his careless nature, this in truth savored of the ridiculous.

"Clara, you will never be so foolish! I gave you credit for better sense. Dreams are all very well in their places—to amuse old women and children—but in these days they should not be allowed to influence actions. You can see the bright sunshine, the busy work-a-day world around you, and yet you can retain remembrance of a ridiculous dream! I thought dreams passed away with the night."

"Of course a great part of the vivid impression has passed with the night," she replied, confessing what was the actual fact; "but I will abide by the night's impression, nevertheless. I look at it in this light—my remaining at home can hurt no one, it cannot bring harm in any way, while my going may bring me harm; we cannot tell. I am fully decided," she continued, in a firm tone; "and do you eat your breakfast and cease staring at me."

"Perhaps you fear the train will come to grief, and pitch us all into coffins made to fit your hearse."

"Well, I don't know," returned Clara. "If I did get into the train on Sunday morning, I should be unusually pleased to find myself safe out of it again."

Mr. Lake said no more; in this frame of mind reasoning was useless. But he felt persuaded the fancy would wear away, and his wife go contentedly enough with the rest of them.

Nothing more was said that day, which was Friday. On the next day, Saturday, two of the Miss Jupps called on Clara, full of the following morning's excursion. A large family was that of the Juppe—six sons and six daughters, all living. The sons were out in the world—one in the army, one in the navy, one in the church, one reading for the bar, one here, one there; Oliver, the youngest of them, was just now at home. The six daughters were all at home, and marrying men seemed to fight shy of so large a host. Social, pleasant, chatty girls were they, the youngest two-and-twenty, the age of the eldest locked up in the church's register. Mr. and Mrs. Jupp were a quiet, inoffensive couple, completely eclipsed by their sons and daughters; not that any were undutiful, but the old people belonged to a bygone age, and were scarcely equal to the innovations of this. Mr. Jupp had once been high sheriff of the county; it was the one great event of the Jupps' life, imparting to them an importance which their pride never quite lost sight of. They lived in a large house abutting on the street of Katterley, about five minutes' walk from Mr. Lake's.

Mary Ann and Margaret Jupp had come to gossip about the proposed Sunday excursion. They were pleasant, voluble girls (to pay them the compliment of still calling them girls), with light hazel eyes and reddish hair. The sisters were all much alike—these two, the eldest; Louisa and Rose, the youngest. They had on flimsy skirts, pankeen-colored jackets, and straw hats. They sat in the shady room open to the trailing honeysuckles, talking to Clara.

"Our plans are changed," spoke Mary. "Oliver, Louisa, and Rose go to-morrow, returning home to sleep, and I and Margaret go over the next day."

"We think it would be so truly unconscionable to inflict four of us on Mrs. Chester at once, with her few servants, that we have written to tell her we will divide ourselves," interrupted Margaret, who liked to have her share of tongue. "Mamma says she wondered at our thoughtlessness when she heard us making the bargain."

"Mrs. Chester would not have made a trouble of it," answered Clara. "She is not one to put herself out of the way."

"No, she is very good; but it would have been imposing on hospitality," said Mary Jupp. "For that very reason, as mamma observed, we ought to spare her. So Louisa and Rose spend Sunday with her; I and Margaret Monday; Oliver goes both days."

"But you will remain for Tuesday."

"No. Until she has her house in complete order it would be unfair to trouble her with night guests. You and Mr. Lake of course will remain the whole time. And now to deliver Louisa's message. Shall they call for you here to-morrow morning, or will you be at the train?"

"I am not going," replied Mrs. Lake.

"Not going!" echoed Mary Jupp. "Good gracious! Why not?"

"It is not quite convenient. Mrs. Chester does not expect me."

"But she did expect you!" exclaimed Mary, in wonder. "Oliver saw Mr. Lake that night after he had taken Mrs. Chester to the train, and he told him you were going. Did you not?" she added, appealing to Mr. Lake, who sat perched on a side table doing something to a fishing-line.

"All right," nodded he.

"Yes, we did promise; but since then I have altered my mind, and have written to Mrs. Chester," said Clara. "I shall go later, when she is more settled."

"Well, I never heard of such a thing!" cried Margaret Jupp. "Oliver and the girls will be in a way! I don't think they care to go but for the pleasure of your company. Mr. Lake, why have you changed your minds?"

"Ask Clara," returned he, without looking up. "It's her affair, not mine."

The delicate pink in Clara Lake's cheeks grew a shade brighter as the two ladies

*The dream is not fiction; it is but transcribed, even to the minutest particular.

looked at her and awaited the explanation. Not choosing to mention the dream, she was at a loss for any sound plea to make.

"I seem to have a prejudice against going to-morrow," she said, feeling how lame were the words. "And—and I wrote to Mrs. Chester, telling her not to expect me."

"How very odd!" cried Margaret Jupp. They were keen-sighted, those girls, and felt sure there was some suppressed reason.

"The truth is, my wife has taken it into her head that Sunday travelling is sinful," cried Mr. Lake, partly to help Clara out of her dilemma, partly in the indulgence of the mocking spirit he liked so well. "If we do venture to go to-morrow, in the teeth of the sin, she thinks the engine will infallibly burst and blow us up."

Mrs. Lake felt vexed. It was precisely the fear her imagination induced her to take. Unable to conceive any other probable danger, she was unconsciously casting doubts on the safe convoy of the train. But she had not confessed it to him.

"Do no talk nonsense," she said to her husband; and Mary and Margaret Jupp looked from one to the other, not knowing what to think.

"My dear Mrs. Lake, they get to Guild for morning service, you know," spoke Margaret. "I don't see any great harm in going just that little way on a Sunday morning."

"Robert is very stupid to say such things," returned Mrs. Lake, driven into corner. "I did not think anything about its being a sin. The sin is not my objection."

"The train runs whether we passengers go in it or not; so that our staying away is not of the least benefit in a religious point of view," logically argued Mary Jupp. "Do pray go, Mrs. Lake."

"Not to-morrow," Clara gently said, shaking her head.

"Can't you induce her, Mr. Lake?"

"If I have wasted all my powers of oratory; I have tried persuasion; I have hinted at an illegitimate application of my riding-whip, and all in vain. She's harder than a brickbat."

The young ladies laughed.

"Dear Mrs. Lake, you must go, if only to oblige us. Think of the disappointment to Louisa and Rose."

Clara remembered her dream: how Mary Ann and Margaret (the very two of the sisters now present) had striven in it to persuade her. The recollection only served to render her more firm. They began to fear that there would be no prevailing, and felt half inclined to be offended.

"And yourself, Mr. Lake? Do you also remain at home?"

"Not I. I don't live in fear of the boiler's treachery."

"Of course I do not wish to prevent my husband's going," said Mrs. Lake, hastily.

"Though you know you would rather I did not," he rejoined.

"Well of course, if there is to be—as you say, though I don't—a bursting of the boiler, it would be as bad for you to be in it as for me," she said, affecting a light laugh. The truth was, she did wish he would not go: she knew that she should feel more easy; though she would not ask him to remain, lest it might seem selfish. The Miss Jupps rose to leave.

"I hope you will think better of it," said Margaret. "Louisa was saying this morning how glad she was Mrs. Lake was going. She has been counting on you."

"Ah, well—she had better count upon me instead," cried Mr. Lake, as he left his seat to attend them to the gate. "And mind you give my love to Rose, and tell her I shall be a bachelor for the day."

"Don't forget that," put in Clara.

The two ladies walked away, commenting on what had passed. Clara Lake was a poor actor, and her manner had betrayed that the true reason had not been spoken. Margaret said she should put it down to "caprice;" but both acknowledged that they had never known Mrs. Lake capricious before.

Never did a more lovely day dawn than that Sunday in August. Not another word upon the subject had been exchanged between Mr. Lake and his wife since the visit of the Miss Jupps; she shunned it, feeling half ashamed of herself for her persistent folly; he had given the matter up for a bad job. After breakfast they stood together, looking from the open window. The church bells rang out; Mr. Lake's time for departure was drawing near.

"I must not miss the train," he carelessly observed. "'Twould be a pity to lose the excursion such a morning as this."

"It is a most beautiful day," she sighed. "I almost envy you."

"Clara," he said, turning to her with a sudden seriousness of manner, "I ask you to be yourself. Lay aside this folly, and act as a reasonable woman ought. Put on your things and come with us."

She moved closer to him and spoke deprecatingly.

"Do not be angry with me, Robert; I believe I am doing right to remain away. I must remain."

"Well, of all the simpletons that ever walked, you are about the worst," was his complimentary rejoinder as he caught up his gloves. "Good-bye, Clary," he added, stooping to kiss her.

"Oh, Robert, I hope you will come back safely!" she said, clinging to him as if she feared he was going away forever; and the tone of her voice, full of mournful wailing, struck upon the ear of her husband.

Nevertheless he went off laughing, telling her not to fear—that he'd come back with all his legs and wings about him.

On the platform he met Louisa and Rose Jupp under the convoy of their brother.

"Then actually Mrs. Lake is not coming!" exclaimed Louisa.

"And I have only come to see you off," was Mr. Lake's response. "I am not going on to Guild."

"Oh, you barbarous deceiver!" quoth Rose. "Where are you going?"

"To church—as a respectable individual of modern society ought."

"I tell you what, Lake," interrupted Oliver Jupp, a dark, short young man, quiet, and sensible, "this is not fair. These girls entrapped me into taking them, on the strength that you were to be one of the party—and it's too bad to shuffle off it."

"So it is," returned Mr. Lake. "But you must talk to my wife about it. I am the most hopelessly henpecked husband your worst fancy ever pictured: Caudle was nothing to it."

The train went smoothly off—and Mr. Lake returned home. His wife was leisurely attiring herself for church. She started when she saw him.

"Why, Robert, what has happened?"

"Nothing. The boiler has not gone up yet; that calamity is expected to take place midway between here and Guild."

"Why have you come back?"

"I came back because I have got a silly child for my wife," he said, standing in front of her, and speaking half tenderly, half severely. "One who would have worried her foolish heart into a fever, had I gone, believing I should never come back alive."

She wound her arms round him and pulled his face down to hers in her fervent love, her tears falling upon it.

"Oh, my darling! my dearest! you don't know how happy you have made me!" she passionately whispered. "How shall I thank you for giving way to my foolishness? I *should* have been in unhappy suspense all day long."

"I shan't give way to it next time," cried he, as he kissed away her tears. "And I have told the girls what a henpecked husband I am, the slave of a capricious tyrant."

"Jupp won't be in a hurry to marry, after my warning example before his eyes."

"The next time!" she repeated, with a sad smile. "Robert, there will be no next time. I shall never have such a dream again."

The Jupps went grumbling all the way to Guild. That is, the young ladies grumbled, and their brother listened. The disappointment was really great. Mr. and Mrs. Lake were great favorites with everybody; just those people that make society brighter for their presence.

"Margaret says Clara Lake was taken with a capricious fit."

"Nonsense, Louisa!" spoke Oliver, at length. "She has too much innate good feeling for caprice. Mrs. Chester has been at her domineering ways, I expect, and frightened her poor little sister-in-law."

Guild reached, they found their way to Mrs. Chester's house, which was just outside the town, some ten minutes' walk from the station. It was a pretty place—old-fashioned, but commodious; standing in the midst of a productive garden, with windows opening to a large lawn. It used to be called Guild Farm; Mrs. Chester had already changed that, and rechristened it "Guild Lawn." She had it at a cheap rent. There were two houses on the farm, and the farmer who rented the land lived in the other: to let this was so much gain to him. Guild Rectory, where Mrs. Chester had hitherto lived, was at the opposite end of the town.

The Reverend James Chester, her late husband, had been a poor curate for the greater portion of his life. He, his first wife (who was a cousin of the Jupps,) and their only child, Anna, had lived on his country curacy of one hundred a year. He had no residence; and none, save themselves, knew the shifts they had been put to—the constant scheming and contriving they had been forced to exercise to live as gentlepeople and keep up appearances out of doors. His wife died; and, close upon it, the bishop gave him the living of St. Thomas, at Guild. Its emoluments were a small house and three hundred a year—great riches in the eyes of the Reverend James Chester. He next married Penelope Hunter, who had two hundred a year of her own. Three children were subsequently born, Fanny, Thomas, and James. When the girl was ten years old and the youngest boy six, Mr. Chester died; and Mrs. Chester was left with Anna and her own children on her hands, a little good furniture, and her two hundred a year to bring them up upon. So—as she told her half-brother—she had to scheme to live: she took this house, had hoped that would help her to do it.

"Well, and now what's the reason that Robert and Clara have not come?" began Mrs. Chester, without any other greeting, as she stood bonnet and mantle on, to receive her guests. "I should like to know what Clara means by it! I had the coolest letter from her!—just putting off her visit to a future time, without saying with your leave or by your leave."

Fine nuts for the Miss Jupps to crack! They hastily recounted what had passed at their sisters' interview with Mrs. Lake, and her husband's words at the train in the morning. There was no time for more.

"If you ask my opinion," said Louisa Jupp, as they hurried off to the nearest church, "I should say that Mrs. Lake has acquired an objection to Sunday travelling."

"What a crotchet!" concluded Mrs. Chester. "I never quite understood my brother's wife."

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE ACCIDENT.

It was a fine night, though not unusually light, for there was no moon, and the heavens looked a little misty, as they do sometimes following on a hot August day.

The nine o'clock train dashed into Guild, received its waiting passengers, and dashed on again.

Amidst others, the Miss Jupps and their brother entered it, having finished their day's visit to Mrs. Chester. They took their seats in the middle compartment of a first-class carriage, and happened to have it to themselves. The young ladies sat with their backs to the engine, he with his face to it.

"IT IS LYDIA CLAPPERTON," HE SAID TO HIMSELF.

"The Lakes would have had a pleasant day had they come," remarked Louisa. "You may rely upon it her objection lay in its being Sunday. Perhaps she is growing religious."

"What an awful look-out for Lake!" spoke up Mr. Jupp, from his corner.

"Oliver!" reproved the young ladies.

"She'll stop his liberty and his cigars," persisted Mr. Oliver: "there are no such martinets under the sun as your religious wives. Talking about cigars, would it affect your bonnets, girls, if I lighted one now?"

They screamed out together. They would not have their loves of new bonnets poisoned and blackened with cigar smoke; they'd never be fit to go on again. "And you must not smoke in these carriages," added Louisa: "we are near Coombe Dalton station, and the guard would see you."

"Pretty wives you'll make when you are married," remarked Oliver. "Afraid of cigar smoke!"

The caution, or the bonnets, caused Oliver Jupp to keep his cigar case in his pocket. Coombe Dalton station, an insignificant one, was about midway between Guild and Katterley. The train did not stop at it. Oliver leaned from the window to take a survey of the route.

"We are close to it," said he; "yonder are the lights. Hallon! what's the red light flashing up and down for? That ought to be a green."

"If a red light is waving in the green's place, there must be danger," said Rose, quickly. "Red is the danger signal."

"There's no danger. If the light indicated danger the train would come to a stand-still; it is going on at the same speed."

Scarcely had the words quitted Oliver Jupp's mouth when—they scarcely knew what occurred. There was a shriek from the whistle, a shock; and a shriek, not from the whistle, but from human beings in their terror. The train came to a stand-still and they with it: they and their carriage were not hurt or inconvenienced; the carriages behind them were not hurt, nor the carriages immediately before them, but the foremost carriages——What had happened?

Unstopped, and dashing on in its speed and recklessness, the engine had dashed into some obstruction on the line, a little past Coombe Dalton station. It ran up a bank, gave a dance, and was forced back on the line, falling sideways, and the three foremost carriages, next to the break van, were dragged with it. The two first, third-class ones, were greatly injured; the third, a second class, less so. Oliver Jupp, with other male passengers, was speedily out of his carriage, running forward to see what assistance he could render to those, his ill-fated fellow creatures, some of whom were groaning in the death agony.

What a scene it was! The dark night; the hissing engine, mad instrument of death, but harmless now; the torches brought forward from the station to throw light upon the calamity; the figures, some dead, some dying, lying in the midst of the wreck; the scalded, the wounded, the bleeding; the silent and the still, the moaning and the helpless, the shrieking and the terrified! Not here, gratuitously to harrow feelings and sympathies, will the worst details be given; and, adding no little to the distress and confusion prevailing, was the uncontrollable alarm of the uninjured passengers, escaping from their carriages and running hither and thither, uncertain where to go or what to do. Katterley (as well as other stations) was telegraphed to for medical assistance.

Meanwhile Robert Lake and his wife had spent an exceedingly sober day. With the passing of the chance of danger, Clara's opinion experienced a sort of revulsion; and she began to think—not so much of how foolish she had been, but of how foolish she must appear in the eyes of her practical husband. She said nothing; it was the wisest plan; and he had not alluded to it in any way. Quietly the day dragged on, and they sat down to supper in the evening; the dinner hour on Sunday being two o'clock.

It was at this juncture that Mary Jupp burst in without any ceremony whatever, neither bonnet on her head nor shawl on her shoulders. The news of the accident had spread like wild fire, and penetrated to the house of the Jupps. Of course it had lost nothing in carrying; and Mary Jupp fully believed she should never see her sisters or brother again alive.

"Oh, Mr. Lake—and you to be sitting here quietly at supper! Have you not heard the news?"

They rose up: they saw the state of alarm and agitation she was in. Clara caught the infection, and looked as frightened as her impromptu visitor. Mr. Lake was calm, cool; man in general is so.

"What news" he asked. "What is it?"

"There has been an awful accident to the train at Coombe Dalton. No particulars positively known, that we can learn, but people are saying that half the train's killed and the other half wounded."

"Sit down, sit down," said Mr. Lake, taking her trembling hands. "What train? How did the news come?"

"Why, our train!" returned the excited girl, bursting into tears. "The train that Oliver and Louisa and Rose must be in. Oh, Mrs. Lake! was it true that you had a presentiment of evil happening to it—was that really your reason for declining to go?"

Clara, deathly pale, had sought the eyes of her husband. She was overwhelmed with astonishment and dismay; with a feeling that she could not describe and had never yet experienced. Had they really escaped danger, accident, perhaps death, from that strangely vivid dream of warning? Her faculties seemed bewildered.

"How has the news reached Katterley?" repeated Mr. Lake, drowning the words about the dream, for he was conscious that a thoughtless slip of his had given the clue to Miss Jupp.

"By telegraph," she answered; "and one of the porters ran up to our house to tell it, knowing Oliver and the girls went to Guild this morning and took return tickets. The station here is already besieged by a crowd. Poor papa is pushing his way through it.

Mr. Lake caught up his hat, when at the same moment who should come in but Oliver Jupp. Mary seized upon him with a cry.

"Now don't smother me," cried he to her. "First of all, we are all right; you see I am, and Rose and Louy are safe and well inside Coombe Dalton station. My father sent me in to tell you; he said you were here; and he has gone home to reassure them."

"But, Jupp, how did you get to Katterley?" questioned Mr. Lake.

"I came on a stray engine. I thought they would all be in fits together at home, and I took the opportunity offered, of coming on to stop the alarm. The first person who laid hold of me at the station was the poor old governor, pretty nearly in a fit himself. It's an awful accident, though."

"How was it?" "Are many hurt?" "Did the boiler really burst?"

"If you all reiterate questions at me at once, how am I to answer? Very few are hurt, comparatively speaking. The engine went into something, a truck or trucks I believe, and there was a smash. The two first carriages, both third-class, are—nowhere, and the passengers I won't tell you about, Lake, before these two girls, for it would spoil their night's rest. The next carriage, a second-class, was damaged, and its inmates are bruised, but not much, I think."

"And what of the rest of the train?" breathlessly inquired Clara.

"Nothing. The carriages came to a stand-still on the line, and we got out of them."

"Are you sure there is no first-class carriage injured?" she continued.

"Certain. So to speak, there has been no accident to the rest of the train, beyond the delay and fright."

Mr. Lake looked at his wife and smiled. "So you would not have been one of the injured, Clary, had you been in the train."

She shook her head. "We have not the full particulars yet. Oliver may be deceived."

"It is exactly as I tell you, Mrs. Lake," said Oliver Jupp. "There is no further damage."

"Are you going back to Coombe Dalton?"

"Yes, as soon as I can. But I thought it well to come on and let you know the best and worst. Lake, will you go with me?"

"Of course," he answered.

The two young men went out together. Mary Jupp ran home, and Clara waited the return of her husband.

It was long past midnight when he came in. They sat up talking over the accident; the details which he had learnt, and seen. Oliver Jupp had been quite correct in his limit of the damage. Mrs. Chester (taking up the suggested notion that Clara Lake had stayed away because it was Sunday) had sent a very pressing invitation for her and her husband to come on the following day, Monday, with the two elder Miss Jupps. Mr. Lake delivered it to her.

"Will you go, Clara?"

"Will *they* go?" she rejoined. "Will they venture?"

"Venture!"

"After this accident?"

"I do not see why they should not. An accident two days running would be something remarkable. What about your dream?"

"Oh, I will go, Robert. Yes. The dream has done its office and I shall be ever thankful for it."

She spoke the last words reverently. Mr. Lake looked at her with surprise.

"Clara, don't encourage that fancy of yours," he gravely said, his voice taking almost a stern tone. "To be superstitious at all argues a want of common sense; but to be *foolishly* superstitious is a great deal worse. No reasonable being, wife of mine, would indulge *that*."

"What do you call being foolishly superstitious?"

"The remark you have just made—that the dream had done its office, and you should ever feel thankful for it—is an illustration.

Had you gone to Guild this morning, you know quite well that we were not to have returned until Tuesday, therefore should not have been in the train to-night."

"Something might have occurred to cause us to return," she interrupted.

"Granted—for the sake of the argument. We should have travelled in a first-class carriage, as you know; and there is no first-class carriage injured."

He paused and looked at her. She could not deny anything he said, and kept silence.

"Therefore, what possible bearing that dream could have had upon the accident, or where could be the utility of the warning, which, as you declare, it conveyed to you, not to go to Guild, I cannot see."

Neither, it must be confessed, did Clara herself see it; but she did not lose her faith in the dream. Rather believed in it all the more firmly, in what her husband would have called a manner void of all reason.

The dream, as she looked at it and expressed it, had "done its work;" and she anticipated the excursion on the morrow with renewed pleasure, springing from a sense of relief.

Alas, alas! Poor short-sighted mortals that we are! The working out of the ill, shadowed forth, was only just beginning.

The morning rose brilliantly; rather too much so, taken in conjunction with the heat; and the day, as it wore on, promised to be one of the hottest on record.

Katterley station was in a bustle not often experienced at the quiet little place. People, idlers and others, crowded it, bent on a journey of curiosity to Coombe Dalton. The deaths from the accident now numbered several, and excitement was rife. Report came that the real cause of the calamity was giving rise to dispute: on the one hand it was said that the driver of the train had dashed through Coombe Dalton station, regardless of the warning red light, he'd up as a signal that he should stop; on the other it was maintained that no red light had so been held.

The twelve o'clock train came steaming into the Katterley station, where it would stay its accustomed three minutes, and those going by it looked alive. A very few passengers got out; a vast many rushed up to take their places. People were flocking to Coombe Dalton *en masse;* and would be flocking there until public curiosity was sated.

A porter held open the door of a first-class carriage for a party who were struggling on to the platform, one running before another; it consisted of two gentlemen, three ladies, and a maid-servant. The porter knew them well and touched his cap; Mr. and Mrs. Lake, Oliver Jupp, and his two eldest sisters.

"Let us have the compartment to ourselves, if you can manage it, Johnson," said Oliver, in an under tone. "The day is too hot for crowding."

"Very well, sir," replied the man. "I dare say I can contrive it."

"But now whereabouts *is* this carriage?" called out one of the ladies, in a hasty and rather shrieking voice, as she looked to the right and left; "because, if it's not just in the middle, I won't get in. I'll never put myself towards either end of a train again as long as I live."

"Step in, step in," cried Oliver to her. "You are all right."

"Make haste, miss," added the porter. "The time's up."

"Of course it's up," repeated the young lady, who was no other than Mary Ann Jupp; "and I wonder it wasn't up before we reached it. This comes of putting off things till the last moment. I told you all the clocks were slow and we should be late. If there's one thing I hate more than another, it's the being obliged to rush up and catch a train at the last moment! No time to choose your carriage—no time to see or do anything; they may put you in the guard's van if they please, and you not know it until you are off. I dare say we have come without our tickets now. Has anybody thought of them?"

In reply Oliver Jupp held up the six bits of cardboard for his sister's satisfaction, and the party settled themselves in their seats; the maid-servant, who was Mrs. Lake's, entering last.

"Why, Elizabeth, is that you?" exclaimed Miss Jupp. "I declare I never saw you."

"Didn't you, miss?" replied the girl, who was very tall and thin. "I walked behind you from our house."

"I thought it better to bring Elizabeth," interposed Clara Lake, who was looking unusually lovely in her summer dress—white muslin with a blue sprig upon it. "Mrs. Chester's servants will be glad of help with so many of us to wait upon."

"Mrs. Chester is the best manager of a house I ever saw," cried the Miss Jupps in a breath. They were alpaca gowns of very light green, and hats trimmed with velvet.

"Fancy!" added Margaret, "Only two servants, and one of those you may almost call a nurse, for the children require plenty of attending to, and yet things seem to go on smoothly. I can't think how she contrives it."

"Trust to Mrs. Chester for contriving," said Mr. Lake. "She has to do it. Besides, you forget Anna."

The carriage held eight. Elizabeth sat at the farther end, the seat next to her and the seat opposite to her being empty. She kept her head close to the open window, looking out. Railway travelling was rare in her experience. The rest chatted eagerly, giving themselves up to the pleasure of the moment. Something was said about the previous day's sojourn at Guild.

"I hear it was a delightful party," Mrs. Lake remarked to Oliver Jupp.

"We wanted you and Lake to complete it," he answered. "It's too bad, Mrs. Lake, to declare off, after having promised to go. There was an uncommen nice girl spending the day there. She's to be there again to-day, I fancy."

"Who was that?" inquired Mr. Lake, briskly, who had a propensity for liking "nice girls."

"Don't know who she was, or anything about her," replied Oliver. "Your sister called her Lydia, and I did the same."

"It was a Miss Clapperton," interrupted Margaret Jupp. "Louisa and Rose were telling me about her this morning; they took an immense fancy to her."

"Clapperton?—Clapperton?" repeated Mr. Lake. "Oh, I know; a fresh family who have come lately to Guild. Penelope said she was getting intimate with them. You shall not pick out nice girls for me, Jupp, if you call her one. I saw her once; a young Gorgon in spectacles, with prominent eyes."

"That's Nancy Clapperton, the near-sighted one," corrected Mary Jupp, who was one

of those ladies who like to put the world to rights. "It was her sister who was there yesterday, and she is a charming girl. Louy and Rose both say so."

"I hope she'll be there to-day, then," said Mr. Lake.

"She is to be there; but don't you and Oliver quarrel over her. He monopolised her yesterday, I hear."

"We'll go snacks," said Mr. Lake. "Or else draw lots; which shall it be, Jupp? When does the old Indian Begum make her entry?"

"For shame, Mr. Lake! You do turn everything and everybody into ridicule," exclaimed Margaret. "I'm sure I think she will be a delightful acquisition; so pleasant for your sister to have a visitor."

"Well, when does she come? Nobody says she won't be an acquisition—for those who can stand Begums. I knew one once, and she was awful. She had gold teeth."

Margaret Jupp turned to Clara.

"Why don't you keep your husband in better order? He is incorrigible."

"I fear he is," was the answer, given with a gay smile.

"Very strange!" cried Mr. Lake. "I can't get an answer to my question; I think it's somebody else that's incorrigible. When—does—the—Begum—arrive? I hope that's plain enough."

"Mrs. Chester was talking of her yesterday to me," interposed Oliver Jupp. "The Begum is expected to make her entrance on Wednesday or Thursday."

"When the house shall have been cleared of us sinful people," added Mr. Lake. "We are not good enough for an Indian Begum. What do you know of this one?"

"As good as nothing," answered Margaret Jupp. "That is, of late years. Papa and mamma used to know old Mr. and Mrs. Finch. He was a lawyer somewhere in London, and Angeline was the daughter."

"Angeline!"

"That's her name. Isn't it a fine one?"

"Very," said Mr. Lake. "The baptismal people must have foreseen she was destined to be a Begum."

The arrival at Coombe Dalton interrupted the conversation. Slackening his speed, the train came to a standstill. They inquired of a porter how long it stayed, and understood him to say "ten" minutes. So they got out, and heard almost immediately the train puff on again. The man had said "two." Looking at each other in consternation, a laugh ensued. The next train due arrived up at three o'clock, and they could only wait.

Plenty of time now to examine the scene of the accident. They were not the only spectators. The battered engine, the *débris* of the carriages were there still—not on the line, but drawn away from it.

"In shutting some trucks on to the other line, one of them broke down, and could not be got off before our train came up," explained Oliver Jupp. "The engine ran into it, and—we were done for."

"But how dreadfully careless of the people at the station to allow your engine to run into it!" exclaimed Margaret. "They ought to have signalled your train to stop."

"They did signal it," interrupted a strange voice at her elbow, and Margaret turned to see the station-master, who was known to her brother and Mr. Lake. "The red lights were exhibited at the station, and a switchman waved the red signal light up and down, all to no purpose. You observe that post," he added, pointing to an iron post or pillar close to them, for he perceived she looked as if she scarcely understood him; "that is the night signal-post. When the line is clear, a green light is exhibited on it, as a notice that the trains may pass; but when it is not clear, a red light is substituted, and no train must proceed when the red light is there. Not only was the red light shown there last night, but the switchman, alarmed at the train's coming on so quickly, seized it, and waved it to enforce attention. The driver took no notice, and came dashing on to destruction."

"Was he killed?" inquired one of the bystanders, a knot of whom had gathered round.

"No," replied the station-master; "and his escape is regarded as next door to a miracle. He was flung from the engine, lay motionless, and was carried off for dead; but it appears he was only stunned, and is nearly well this morning. He'll have to stand his trial, of course; and a good thing for him if they don't bring it in, 'Wilful Murder'—for that's what some of these careless engine-drivers will come to one day."

The official spoke with a good deal of acrimony. If the blame did not lie with the driver, it lay with *him*, and some hot dispute had been going on already that morning.

"Does the driver deny that the red light was up?" asked Mr. Lake.

"He denies it, and stands to it," said the aggrieved station-master. "He says the green lights were up as usual. The man's a fool."

"He had taken something to obscure his vision, possibly?"

"Well, no. I don't think he had done that. He is a sober man. It is a case of carelessness; nothing else. They go driving on, full pelt, never looking at the signals. On these quiet lines of rail, where there's not much traffic, the danger signal is not exhibited for weeks together. They get accustomed to see the other, and it becomes to them so much a matter of course that it must be there, that they forget to look at it at all. That in my opinion, must have been the cause of last night's work, and I see no other possible way of accounting for it."

He turned back to the station as he spoke, and a gentleman, who had drawn near, held out his hand to greet the Lakes and the Jupps. It was Colonel West, an acquaintance who resided at Coombe Dalton.

"Oh, colonel," exclaimed one of the young ladies, "what a shocking accident this has been!"

"Ay, it has. Seven picked up dead, and four more gone this morning; besides legs, and arms, and backs broken. It is awful to think of."

"And all from one man's recklessness!" added Mr. Lake, with more severity, more feeling, than he generally suffered himself to display. "As the station-master says, they'll not be brought to their senses, these drivers, until some of them are convicted of wilful murder. I hope the man who drove the train last night will get his deserts."

The spectators generally, including Oliver Jupp, had strolled off in the wake of the station-master, he being the one from whom most news was to be expected, and their curiosity was craving for it. Colonel West, a keen, sensible man of fifty, brought himself to an anchor before Mr. Lake, touching him on the waistcoat to command attention.

"Let me disabuse your mind, at any rate. I hear they are putting the blame on the driver; but he does not deserve it, and they must be doing it to screen themselves. I know nothing of the man; I never saw him in my life until this morning; but I shall stand between him and injustice."

"In what way? what do you mean?" Mr. Lake inquired.

"They say at the station here that they exhibited the danger signal, red, and that the train dashed on regardless of it," said Colonel West. "I went to the inn this morning where some of the wounded are lying, and there I found the driver—as they told me he was—on a mattress on the floor. 'How did this happen?' I said to him.' 'I don't know how it happened, sir,' he replied; 'but I declare there was no red signal up to stop me; the green light was up as usual.' That was the first I had heard about the red light," continued the colonel; "but I find the man said true, and that the whole blame is laid upon him. Now it happens that I was in my garden last night when the smash came, just over on the other side of the line, and I can bear the man's assertion out. It was the green light that was up, and not the red."

"Shameful!" exclaimed Mr. Lake, rising up at once against the injustice in his impulsive way. "I hope, colonel, you will stand by the man."

"You may be sure of that. I'd transport a reckless driver for life, if I could—but I would never see an innocent man falsely accused."

Having nothing to do with themselves, they strolled into the village, such as it was, the colonel with them. At the door of the small inn, whose floors had been put into requisition the previous night, on the green bench running under the windows, sat the driver of the engine, his head tied up with a white cloth and his arm in a sling. Colonel West introduced him:

"Cooper, the driver." Cooper was a man of notoriety that day.

"Why, Cooper!" cried Mr. Lake, in surprise, the moment he saw the patient, "was it you who drove the engine last night?"

"Yes, sir, it was me," replied Cooper, standing up to answer, but sinking back at once from giddiness. "And I can only say I wish it had been somebody else, if they are going to persist in accusing me of causing the accident wilfully."

Mr. Lake knew him well. He was a young man, a native of Katterley, of very humble origin, but of good natural intelligence and exemplary character. It was only about a month that he had been promoted to be a driver; before that he was a stoker.

"I need not have speculated on whether the driver was overcome by strong liquor, had I known who it was," said Mr. Lake.

"He tells me he never drinks," interposed Colonel West.

"Never, sir," said Cooper. "Water, and tea, and coffee, and those sort of things, but nothing stronger. I had a brother, sir, who drank himself to death before he was twenty, and it was a warning for me. This gentleman and these ladies know him."

Mr. Lake nodded acquiescence.

"So they say the red light was up, do they, Cooper, and you would not see it?"

"I hear they are saying so at the station, sir; but it's very wrong. There was no other light up but the one that is generally up, the green. Should I have gone steaming on, risking death to myself and my passengers, if the danger light had been up? No, sir, it's not likely."

"Did you look at the signal light?" inquired Mary Jupp, who was always practical. "Perhaps you—you *might*, you know, Cooper—have passed it without looking, just for once."

"I did look, Miss; and I couldn't have been off seeing it last night; for it was being swung about like anything. 'What's up now,' I said to myself, 'that they are swinging the lamp about like that?' and I thought whoever it was doing it, must have had a drop too much."

"But don't you think you might from that very fact have suspected danger?" questioned Mr. Lake.

"No, sir, not from the green lamp. If they had wanted to warn me of danger, they should have swung the red. Any way, I'd rather have given my own life than it should have happened when I was driver."

"Cooper, I saw the green light swung as well as you; and I shall be happy to bear my testimony in your favor at the proper time and place," said Colonel West. "It is quite a providential thing that I happened to be in my garden at the time."

"Thank you, sir," said the man, earnestly, the tears of relief and emotion rising to his eyes.

Whiling away the time in the best way they could, they got back to the station a few minutes before the train for Guild was expected. The accident was the topic of conversation still.

"I have seen the driver," remarked Mr. Lake, to the station-master. "I know him well, a sober, steady man. He persists still that the red signal was not exhibited; that it was the green."

"Oh, he does, does he?" returned the station-master. "He had better prove it. Of course, when they are at their wits end for an excuse, they invent anything, probable or improbable."

"Cooper is not a man to invent. I am sure he is truthful."

"Let him wait till the inquest," was the significant reply.

The train came in, and they were taken on to Guild station. From thence they found their way to Mrs. Chester's, losing Oliver Jupp on the road.

"You disagreeable, tiresome things! what brings you here at this late hour?" was the greeting of Mrs. Chester, as she stood at the door, in no amiable mood, to receive her guests. "You knew we were to have dined at three o'clock, and taken dessert and tea on the lawn. I have been obliged to order the dinner to be put back."

"It was the train's fault," said Mr. Lake. "It deposited us half-way and left us."

"Of course you must put in your nonsense, Robert, or it wouldn't be you," retorted Mrs. Chester, who could be objectionably cross when put out, especially to him. "Come along with me, girls, and take your things off. Dinner will be on the table in twenty minutes."

She led the way to the staircase with scant ceremony. Mr. Lake touched her arm.

"A moment, Penelope, just to answer me a question. Is Lydia Clapperton here to-day?"

"Yes," was Mrs. Chester's answer, delivered impatiently. "Why?"

"Where is she?"

"In the garden, I think—or perhaps with the children. What do you want to know for?"

"Only to get the start of Oliver. He monopolized her yesterday, I hear."

"Where *is* Oliver?" demanded Mrs. Chester, suddenly remembering that he had not come.

"Oh! he went into the town to buy cigars, or something of the sort," responded Mr. Lake, as he turned to the garden, glad perhaps to get out of the reach of his sister's anger. That something besides their late arrival had put out Mrs. Chester was self-evident.

Across lawns, over flower-beds, behind trees, went Robert Lake, in search of the beauty that to him was as yet a vision—Lydia Clapperton. Good chance—or ill chance, just as the reader may deem—took him to a small summer-house at the end of a shady shrubbery, and in it he discerned a lady sitting; young and pretty, he decided in the semi-light. The lattice was trellised with the green leaves of summer-flowers; roses and clematis clustered at the door.

He thought, looking at her in the subdued shade, that she must be four or five-and-twenty. Her dress was young—young for daylight. A rich black silk with a low body and short sleeves, edged by a ruche of white crape, a jet chain on her white neck, and jet bracelets. She had very decided aquiline features, thin and compressed lips. Her eyes were such that would have been called beautiful or hideous, according to the taste or fancy of the spectator; they were large, bold, and intensely black. Her hair *was* beautiful; a smooth purple black, very luxuriant, and disposed in an attractive manner round the head.

Mr. Lake took a private view through the interstices of the green stalks across the lattice.

"It is Lydia Clapperton," he said to himself; "and a fine girl!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

I did not tell Sir Brian that he was in the castle, but I saw by his face that he knew it when I joined him by-and-by. His name was not mentioned, however, and he made no effort to intrude upon us further.

I had come in from taking my usual walk on the slope, on the next day after his arrival at The Reefs, when Madge met me in the hall, rushing down hastily from the chamber window where I had seen her sit at work a moment or two before.

"Mr. Neill," she cried in a low but breathless tone, "sure Mr. Neill has got yer ribbon wid the little kay to it. Ye pulled it over ye head whin ye were takin' off yer hat, and I watched him run out as if he was wild and snatch it up."

Waiting for nothing more, I flew out on the slope and ran after the figure I saw disappearing down among the rocks, without knowing who it was. In my haste I had turned into the downward path towards The Reefs, and called loudly to him to wait before he paused, and I saw that it was Neill. He stood still for me to come up to him face to face, and then asked why I pursued him.

"Give me back my ribbon," I said; "I know you have it."

"Yes," he answered, "I have it, but I will not give it back. If you know it all, you know why I keep it. Nothing you could say will affect me. I have felt from the first that it would unlock my secret. It has done so in your hands, but has a terrible power still. I cannot tell what else it may do. I will not give it up."

We were, owing to the rise of rocks around, entirely hidden from the castle, and standing together on a smooth piece of turf that looked green and velvet-like, in the circle of brown cliffs on either hand. I said we were standing face to face, and I had my hand stretched out for the key, when I saw the man's face darken and his eyes gleam wildly. A fit of shuddering seized him, and he stretched out his shaking arm in the direction of the castle, crying—

"Fly, girl, this is an evil spot to stand on; there is poison in the air for you. Fly, or who may tell what evil may befall you!"

A glance on the scene around me brought the consciousness that I trod upon the ground once red with my father's blood, and I turned and fled away in horror, not daring to look back on the face of his murderer.

## CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUSION.

What I go on to mention fell naturally into this part of my life and blended with it, but it was so entirely apart from my story that I will pass over it lightly. Day after day passed by without an answer from Terrence Darrell. I looked for him impatiently, and Sir Brian shared my feelings. I knew this, because he would ask me to describe him again and again; and after every new conversation of which he was the subject, grew more and more anxious about his coming.

We used to sit together at a great window in his room that commanded the road from Dungarvin, and hours and hours we have watched it together, when neither of us acknowledged why we strained our eyes down the winding road.

Neill had kept his word. He had left us. After the evening on which he found the key I saw him no more. I did not rest secure in his absence, but daily waited to be dismayed by the sight of his false face returning. But he never came.

Sir Brian named him for the first time since I had come back on the day after we had met on the slope. We were sitting at our usual post, and I had been reading to him from a favorite book of ballads of which he was strangely fond, and he was telling me how all of them recalled the boyish days that seemed at variance with his snowy hair. He dwelt on how his old nurse, who was Madge's grandmother, used to sing them in the twilight over a great fire on the open hearth, which threw its gleams and shadows on the wall, and made Margaret's Ghost more ghostly, and the Phantom Knight a still more fearful personage. Suddenly, without any reference to the theme on which we lingered, he asked me: "Has he not gone?" I knew who he meant, and replied: "Yes, I think and hope so."

He sighed deeply. "It must be so," he said. "We cannot have him coming back and blighting the very air with his breath. I will see him, though it is death to me to think of it."

"But, dearest uncle," I urged, "that will not be necessary if he does not come again, and he swore he would be gone forever."

"There is neither faith nor trust in him," said Sir Brian, bitterly. "There, down among the rocks, there is a skulking figure. I have seen it at intervals all day. Whoever it is or whatever it's errand, there is some evil in it, and it springs from him."

I looked in the direction his finger pointed and saw a man, sometimes sitting idly on the slope, sometimes wandering up and down among The Reefs. A familiar motion in the walk reminded me of some one I had seen before. He turned and the light fell upon his face, and one glance convinced me it was the foreigner who had been the cause of the trouble at Dungarvin.

My lips were unclosing to tell my uncle so, when I thought of how weak and nervous he was, and how heavily the suspicions of any future plotting might fall on him. So I said nothing but often looked that way, and for days to come noted him wandering up and down with an anxious troubled air, looking abroad at every point as if he waited for some one who never came.

But presently some one else came to Fogarty, who entirely distracted my attention from the lonely, restless figure outside. It was Terrence Darrell, and my heart bounded for joy at the sound of his voice. I led him, somewhat reluctantly I own on his part, up to Sir Brian, who had not yet left his sick room, but the moment he looked upon that noble face, worn and pallid through illness and distress of mind, his pride vanished, and he knelt at his feet and received as a blessing the hand that was held out in welcome.

Two men, so keenly alive to all that was high and true in each other, could not fail to become warm friends. There was a little quiet talk between them, full of concessions on Sir Brian's part relative to the past, and of explanations from Terrence. In this connection I must note the change I saw in my uncle's nature. Proud to imperiousness formerly, he was now gentle and yielding as a child, and although I felt with a pang of regret that it was trouble and disease had bowed his sternness thus, yet I rejoiced that in losing the full strength of mind and character, he had also lost the necessity of a bitter and constant warfare between his lofty pride and the consciousness of disgrace.

I have but a few words to say of my own heart, and I want to say them simply and concisely, for they form, as I have said, no part of the story I set out to tell, except that in its course of occurrence, the event that awakened it blended with the whole. Terrence had come and gone many times, and it was now another year since I came back to happiness and Fogarty.

My uncle had left his chamber and wandered round the house and grounds; no longer a stately figure, but neither as broken nor infirm as I had feared.

We were very happy, and nothing had ever been seen or heard of Neill to mar our joy, so that I thought from the fitful memory I began to discover in Sir Brian that the horror connected with him was almost forgotten.

His name had not occurred between us for months, when one day going into the library I saw Terrence and my uncle sitting in such serious converse, that unconsciously I started back in terror, feeling he had been found again. Sir Brian's grave smile reassured me.

"You are the one that we would speak to, darling lass," he said. "Stay and hear what I have to say."

He told me that Terrence Darrell loved me; that he prayed and hoped I would become his wife—that I was but a child, he knew, but I had lived a life that made me old, and that to know that I should be cared for always was a thought of bliss and happiness to him.

I was not reared in the companionship of girls, and I knew nothing of the world or of its rules of decorum and etiquette, so I just threw myself into my uncle's arms and told him I was too happy to speak. Terrence came to live at the Reefs. We were to be married at Christmas, and it was now the fall of the year, and Sir Brian begged him to stay with us entirely.

I was glad he yielded to my uncle's wish and came, for more reasons than the delight it gave me to be near him. I had a burden on my mind, and I wanted him to share it.

Sitting alone, side by side one day, when my uncle was sleeping, I told him all the past and made him acquainted with the stain upon my name.

I knew he thought Neill a villain, but a murderer he could not suspect him to be, and I was of his race and blood.

He heard me through in mournful silence, and then, man that he was, he wept bitterly for my father's memory.

If I had not loved him before I should have adored him for that. It made no change in him to know the shadow on our name. I felt it would not, but there was something more—it was that my father was not buried—he was hid away by the murderous hand of him who slew him, but his bones lay perishing with neither rite nor blessing. Would he have him laid in secret by my mother's side, that was the purport of my prayer, and earnestly he promised to fulfill it. Old Donohue had been the family help, and knew its secrets. He would assist him. They would do it at midnight, and no one should know or hear of it.

Among the packages that came from Dublin for my wedding, that Sir Brian was determined to have a grand one, was a long box that Terrence drew me away from looking at.

I saw by the compassionate light in his eyes that it was my father's coffin. Alas! a strange companion to bridal grandeur!

That night I knew old Donohue and he would open the vault and lay the perishing form it held beside my mother's in the chapel.

I took a Protestant book of prayer and found the service for the dead.

I had besought Terrence to allow me to be present, but failed to gain his consent, because he thought I might be shocked at such a view of death. It was impossible to obey him in this—and so I followed stealthily, and hid myself in the arched passage till they should bear the coffin past me, for I desired silently to read the prayers of his church above my father's corpse.

I had been so long enjoying quiet and peace that my crouching position and the damp air of the dungeon brought back a gloomy feeling of the past, and of the dark intricacies it held for me.

I heard the sharp prying of the tools Donohue carried. He knew the vault as well as he who had built it; and I heard him say, "It is not locked after all. It has flown to with a spring, and the key would have been of no use even if we had it here."

By-and-by he announced that it began to turn; and after that a quick, hard whizzing click was heard, and a rush of foul, heavy air filled the passage.

The vault door was open.

The old man stepped forward—but Terrence held him back.

"He was my best friend, Donohue," he said. "He was Honora's father. Let me do this last office for his memory."

In another instant a smothered cry burst from him, and he staggered back close to where I stood.

"Great God of justice!" he murmured, faintly, "what is that?"

Donohue caught the lamp he carried and held it high above his head, throwing the light through the dark dungeon.

"It's Neill Fogarty," he shrieked; "I know him by the cloak and by the ring upon his finger."

I stood in their midst—but neither of them started to see me there.

A greater astonishment had taken away the strangeness of my presence.

They held me back, when I tried to look into the vault; and all I saw was a heap of something stretched beside a wooden box—and that uppermost on the heap, was the cloak of Neill Fogarty.

I have always thought that Neill meant to carry away the skeleton traces of his deed, lest I should some day throw open the vault entrance in evidence of his crime, and that the strangely constructed door closed on him suddenly, and with the draught put out his light; for the lamp (in which the oil had dried by time,) was found beside him.

Whether he died of fear, or that more lingering horror—want—I cannot tell. He had been dead too long to leave even a proof of his identity, except his garments. But he had died thus, at the side of his victim, in black gloom and helpless misery; and I humbly trust in God, his dying agonies brought penitence and prayer.

My father was laid beside my mother; and I stood before the altar, feeling their silent blessings rise for me from the vault beneath.

I have been very, very happy; Sir Brian and my husband have made me so; and all the dreary past is a dark dream. Once only was Neill mentioned between us again.

It was when a year had passed and gone, and the noise of workmen cutting stone beneath the castle resounded through its halls.

"What are they doing, Terrence?" I asked, hurriedly.

"They are breaking away some old stonework, and building up a hollow wall," he answered, softly.

My eyes were full of trouble, for he came close to me and said—

"You are glad the old vault will be destroyed, are you not, Honora?"

"Yes," I answered, "but that wretched man who died there; I feared to ask of him, yet always longed to know that he had a Christian burial."

"He is lying now in the vault beneath the convent at Pasco," my husband answered. "I did not dare to awaken Sir Brian's memory by consulting with him about the body; and so I followed an impulse and sent him thither. Honora, darling, is it not right? We are happy and at peace; and he lies there in the scene of all his futile plottings, side by side with poor Monica, helping her to keep Guy's Secret."

[THE END.]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HARISON (GOODRICH'S).

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We offer a supply of the above. The Early Goodrich will be found the most profitable for the season of '69, by parties south of Philadelphia, who grow for northern markets. It is unquestionably very early, and yields largely.

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feb13-6t

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They are offered at $5 PER SACK of two bushels, weighing 80 pounds net, no charge for Sack or portarage.

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From Paschall Morris, Editor of "Practical Farmer."

D. LANDRETH & SON, whose advertisement of "Prince Edward Island Oats" will be found in an adjoining column, have sent a sample to our office. A critical examination of them has convinced us of their great weight, as compared with those of Pennsylvania growth. It may be that our climate will not produce such as they are; but it is certainly worth trial, and he cannot be termed a progressive farmer who, through simple fear of deterioration, should fail to use so desirable an opportunity to improve his stock.

feb13-6t

☞ The Dominican Father Minjeard, lately so famous for his preaching, has become insane. It was he who so moved the feelings of his fashionable audience at the Madeleine some time since, that the ladies tore off their jewels and rings to throw into the velvet bags of the collectors.

**£150,000,000** STERLING IN MONEY and Estates remain unclaimed in England, Scotland and Ireland, in many cases as far back as 1600. Fee to search for any name $2. Genealogies traced. Wills searched for. All Letters must be pre-paid. GUN & CO.,
feb13-3m Unclaimed Money and Estates Agency,
No. 6 Prince Wales' Road, London, England.


☞ A New England paper reports that we are paying two million dollars a week for killing Indians.

☞ ANOTHER NEW READING.—Man proposes, but woman accepts.

**Matrimonial Lottery.**

A short time since, at a wedding in South Carolina, a young lawyer moved that one man in the company should be selected as president, that this president should be duly sworn to keep entirely secret all the communications that should be forwarded to him in his official department that night, that each unmarried gentleman and lady should write his or her name on a piece of paper, and under it place the name of the person they wished to marry, then hand it to the president for inspection, and if any gentleman and lady had reciprocally chosen each other, the president was to inform each of the result, and those who had not been reciprocal in their choice were to be entirely secret. After the appointment of the president, communications were accordingly handed up to the chair, and it was found that twelve young gentlemen and ladies had reciprocal choices, and eleven of the twelve matches were solemnized.


(Established 1861.)

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Receive their Teas by the cargo from the best Tea districts of China and Japan, and sell them in quantities to suit customers

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GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c, 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction. ROASTED (Unground), 30c., 35c., best 40c. ₩ lb. GREEN (Unroasted), 25c., 30c., 35c., best 35c ₩ lb.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned, at our expense, within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

CAUTION.—As some concerns, in this city and other places, imitate our name and style of advertising and doing business, it is important that our friends should be very careful to write our address in full, and also to put on the number of our Post Office Box, as appears in this advertisement. This will prevent their orders from getting into the hands of these *bogus imitators.*

**GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,**

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

POST-OFFICE BOX No. 5643 NEW YORK CITY.
oct31-tf


**Bismarck.**

While serving in his youth as minute-writer in the Department of Justice at Berlin, Bismarck developed that irascibility of temperament and imperiousness of manner which have since characterized him. He was once taking down the statements of a man summoned before one of his superior officers, and grew so indignant at the man's coolness, that he sprang up and said, "If you don't behave better I'll kick you out of the room." The superior, who was present, tapped Bismarck on the shoulder and said, "Turning a man out of the room is my affair." Presently a new cause for complaint was given, and Bismarck sprang up again, exclaiming, "If you don't behave better, I'll make my superior kick you of the room."


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have the FINEST TONE, more POWER, and it takes LESS MONEY to buy them than any other INSTRUMENT in the market. Great inducements offered to Sunday-schools and churches. A liberal discount made to clergymen. Send for a circular and price list.

E. M. BRUCE,
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Philadelphia.
mar14-tf


☞ In a religious excitement in Boston, a person met a Christian neighbor who took him by the hand and said:—"I have become a Christian." "You are a Christian, then, all at once," said the other; "you profess to act strictly on Christian principles. I am glad of it. I congratulate you. Suppose we now have a settlement of our little accounts between us. Pay me what thou owest." "No," said the new-born child, turning on his heel, "religion is religion, and business is business."


**GREATLY INCREASED DEMAND** for the *MENDENHALL IMPROVED SELF-ACTING HAND LOOM* sold by H. T. THOMAS (successor to A. B. GATES & Co.,) who has now improved and perfected the above Loom, so that Rag Carpets, Satinet, Jeans, Linseys, Tweed Balmoral Skirting and numerous other styles, with the Fly Shuttle can be woven by simply turning an easy crank at the rate of 20 to 30 yards *per day* by a girl or boy thirteen or fourteen years of age.

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PLANCHETTE.—Planchette has invaded Brigham Young's dominions, and his Salt Lake organ shivers with horror at its demoralizing influence. Two children of a Mormon elder tampered with the unholy thing, and the result was that they were seized at night "with a power that prostrated them and left them almost lifeless." With this for a terrible example, Brigham Young warns all his followers to have nothing to do with Planchette, lest they be "Drawn under the influence which accompanies it."


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jan2-3m C. E. COLLINS & CO.

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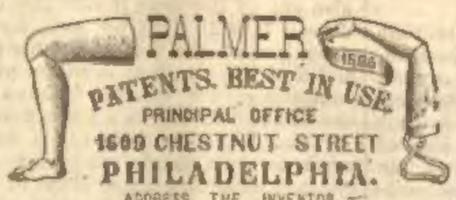


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jan30-2m

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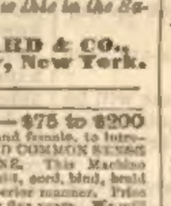

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Is a certain cure for diseases of the
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URINARY ORGANS,
whether existing in
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that of Posterity depends upon prompt use of a reliable remedy.

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sep28-eowly

### MARIGOLD.

[Marigold: calendula, *from calenda*, there being flowers almost every month in the year.—*Botanical Dictionary.*]

Ay, in sweet sport I named her Marigold:
For golden haze of the Calendula
Always upon that ant'que garden lay;
And the great bulk of her bright hair was rolled
Back from her deerlike head in curious twine
Of gorgeous burnished gold, splendidly serpentine.

And all her fresh flushed face was smitten through
With fervent color, such as sunlight burns
Into delicious depths of blossom-urns;
But then her eyes were of strange sapphire-blue,
Or that which men have seen in early skies
Ere Phosphor in the abyss of perfect purple dies.

There came a dream to me. 'Twas Marigold!
Oh, the blue, loving eyes and golden coil
Of silk-soft hair! Amid the town's turmoil
Vivid the vision of that garden old
Where bloomed the flower of love; for all men know
Only the flower of love can through all calends blow.

Still may the soft susurrus of the bee
Linger, and still the cushat's musical coo;
But will those eyes of strange celestial blue
Look love and peace and pardon upon me?
Home I return; soon is the story told—
Waiting behind the garden-gate stands Marigold.

PLEASANT REFLECTION.

SERVANT.—"Oh, missis says you're to ask why candles is dearer, as they don't give no better light."

GROCER'S BOY.—"Well, you know, they takes all the best tallow now, to make butter with."

## WIT AND HUMOR.

### Corry O'Lanus on Boys.

Some things may be said in favor of boys; some trades would not live without them. The glass-put-in-men wouldn't have much to do, and putty would be on the decline, if there were no boys to break the windows.

There would be no customers for the cast-iron peaches and green apples which come early in the seasons; but for the boys, the doctors wouldn't have so much to do in curing cases of cholera morbus arising therefrom.

Boys can be useful when they have a mind to, and can sell newspapers, black boots, hold horses, and do chores.

In printing offices the boys are known as devils—printers have a plain way of speaking.

Boys individually are better than boys collectively.

If there were only one boy in the world, I think he would be a good boy; it generally takes at least two boys to get up any mischief.

Have one boy in a store and you can have him useful.

Hire a second boy, and their time will be chiefly devoted to chasing one another over the counter, and firing the dust brush and directory at each other's heads.

A boy begins to be a nuisance when he is eight years old. How soon he grows out of it depends on circumstances. Some never do.

It is questionable whether boys lead an enjoyable existence. They take a great deal of fun at other people's expense, but they have most always got grievances. They would like to have their own way a little more, and a pretty way it would be.

Give a boy a choice of all occupations in life, and the chances are that he would prefer either to be a Robinson Crusoe on a desert island, or a captain of a band of robbers, such as he had read about, and seriously thinks of going into one or the other of these desirable occupations when he gets to be a man. He has a great respect for a stage driver and the captain of a canal boat—there is an idea of command in these positions that takes his ideas. His idea of being a man is, having plenty of money, doing what you please, and being able to smoke or chew tobacco without getting sick over it.

Somebody wrote a song, "Would I were a boy again." Those who had the bringing up of him are not likely to have the same sentiment. Raising a boy once is as much as any body wants to undergo, and, fortunately, when they once grow up they stay growed up, and have children of their own to afflict them.

### A Lucid Charge.

Think of twelve innocent looking gentlemen in a box in Smith county, Texas, listening, with wide-open eyes to the following charge:

If the jury believe, on the evidence, that the plaintiff and defendant were partners in the grocery, and that the plaintiff bought out the defendant, and gave his note for the interest, and the defendant paid for the note, by delivering to the plaintiff a cow, which he warranted not breachy, and the warrant was broken by reason of the breachiness of the cow, and he drove her back, and tendered her to the defendant, but he refused to receive her, and the plaintiff took her home again and put a heavy yoke on her to prevent her from jumping fences, and by means of the yoke she broke her neck and died; and if the jury further believe that the defendant's interest in the grocery was worth anything, the plaintiff's note was worthless, and the cow good for nothing, either for beef or milk, then the jury must find out for themselves how they will decide the case, for the court, if she understands herself—and she thinks she does—don't know how such a case should be decided."

The verdict was "yes," and both parties appealed.

### Ye Aged Bachelor.

When I remember all
The girls I've met together,
I feel like a rooster in the Fall
Exposed to every weather.
I feel like one who treads alone
Some barnyard all deserted,
Whose oats are fled—whose hens are dead,
And off to market started.

☞ Josh Billings says, "I am violently opposed tew ardent speerits as a beverage, but for manfacturin' purposes I think a little of it tastes good."

### The Sunday Question.

A little semi-pagan, who for the first time was receiving some sort of religious instruction from a female friend whom he was visiting, found some difficulty in understanding that Sunday had anything remarkable in it over any other day. At length, by dint of "line upon line and precept upon precept," he was made to comprehend somewhat the sanctity of the day. Unfortunately, however, soon after he began to understand things, coming from church one Sunday, he noticed the apothecary shops open. His newly-acquired moral sense received a terrible shock, and he entered a very orthodox denunciation of the unconscious compounder of simples. "But," he was told, "the druggist must keep open on Sundays, so that sick people can get medicine." "Why! do people get sick on Sunday?" "Yes, just as on any other day." "Well, good people don't die on Sunday, do they?" "Certainly." "How can that be? Does heaven keep open on Sunday?" It is needless to say that all further grave conversation on the subject was impossible.

MR. MICAWBER'S ADVICE.—"My other piece of advice, Copperfield, you know. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen, eleven and six; result—happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds, ought and six; result—misery. The blossom is blasted, the leaf is withered, the God of day goes down upon the dreary scene; and, in short, you are forever floored.

### Poisonous Hair Dyes.

There is considerable discussion going on in the English newspapers at the present time respecting the properties of the numerous hair restorers in common use. The London Times has a leader on the subject—a fact significant of the amount of attention it is attracting. The Lancet has also taken up the cry. There is no doubt that many of these restorers contain lead in some form or other. This metal, acting on the small amount of sulphur contained in the hair, darkens its hue considerably—in the same manner as a metallic lead comb.

All the preparations of lead are poisonous, and are capable of being slowly absorbed by the skin, producing paralysis and the symptoms of slow metallic poisoning.

The Lancet states:

"Considering the number of advertisements of preparations for the hair with which almost every paper we take up teems, promising speedy and infallible remedies for every defect or deficiency, it is not a little remarkable and contradictory that one should still behold amongst one's friends and neighbors so many gray and bald heads. As far as we can judge, the number is not less now than it was when we ourselves were young, and before our parting became wide or our hair tinged with silver gray. Is the hair gray?—forthwith one tribe of advertisers promises to restore it to its original color in almost less than no time. Has the scalp become denuded for years of its chief ornament?—another set offers to clothe it afresh with rich and luxuriant tresses. Is the hair lank and straight and lustreless?—a third class of hair restorers advertises a variety of nostrums for rendering it curly, glossy, 'beautiful for ever.'

"The fact that the majority of hair dyes and washes are made up of constituents which not only injure the hair, but are capable, if absorbed, of seriously affecting the health, is pretty widely known; and denunciations of these hair preparations have from time to time appeared in the public press. These denunciations, however, have been for the most part too vague and general to effect much real good. The advertisements go on much as they did before, and the public still continue to be purchasers. In the case of the adulteration of articles of food and drink, general statements produced little result, but when the vender or manufacturer was made personally responsible, the deterring effects were rapid and marvellous; and the same remark is equally applicable to the present subject.

"Of one of the best known and most extensively advertised preparations for the hair it is affirmed that it is the 'best' of all hair restorers; and the reasons given for its being the best are—'Because it contains no nitrate of silver, nor any other injurious ingredient. Because it does not dye the hair, but acts directly on the roots, giving them natural nourishment. It contains the specific aliment which is the life of the hair, and in this way the natural color is restored.'

"We will now put these statements to the test by reference to the actual composition of the article. We find, then, that it is composed of acetate of lead, sulphur, and glycerine. Now lead, while it is one of the most frequent constituents of hair dyes, is also one of the most if not the most injurious. It will thus be seen how utterly worthless are the statements above quoted, and that the assertion as to the preparation containing 'the specific aliment which is the life of the hair' is a mere fiction.

"The detection of lead in a hair dye or wash is very simple, and may be readily effected by adding a few drops of a solution of iodide of potassium to a small quantity of the dye, when, if a soluble salt of the metal be present, it will be revealed by the curdy yellow precipitate immediately produced."

Dr. Attfield, a very well-known practical chemist, writes to the London Times as follows:—"Authorities differ as to the composition of the fashionable hair lotion—one giving rose water, sulphur, and the soluble sugar of lead as its ingredients; the other, rose water, sulphur, starchy matter, and the insoluble carbonate of lead. Allow me to explain that the difference lies with the lotions, not with the authorities. Some specimens recently sent to me for analysis even contain both of these preparations of lead.

"Sugar of lead is a well-known substance; carbonate of lead is the material which, mixed with oil, is largely used under the name of 'white lead'—the compound that, carelessly handled, produces painters' colic. Both are poisonous, and both produce with sulphur a dark coloring matter, which advertisers questionably assert 'is not a dye.'"

The only mode probably to check the sale of these injurious compounds, which are widely advertised as entirely "harmless," is to hold the makers and sellers responsible for damages, in cases where injury results from their use.

### OLD TIMES.

There's a beautiful song on the slumbrous air,
That drifts through the valley of dreams;
It comes from a clime where the roses were,
And a tuneful heart and bright brown hair
That waved in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown,
And snow-white foreheads are there;
A glimmering cross and a glittering crown,
A thorny bed and a couch of down,
Lost hope and leaflets of prayer.

A breath of Spring in the breezy woods,
Sweet wafts from the quivering pines—
Blue violet eyes beneath green hoods,
A bubble of brooklets, a scent of buds,
Bird warbles and clambering vines.

A rosy wreath in a dimpled hand,
A ring and a slighted vow—
Three golden links of a broken band,
A tiny track on the snow-white sand,
A tear and a sinless brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song
That sobs on the slumbrous air,
And loneliness felt in the festive throng,
Sinks down in the soul as it trembles along,
From a clime where the roses were.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,
And it mingled with matin chimes,
But years have distanced the beautiful lay,
And its melody floweth from far away,
And we call it, now, Old Times.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### How to Make Hogs Fat.

Hogs well fed and kept clean will fatten rapidly. If true economy be consulted, the grain will be ground and cooked. Hogs have good appetites and a powerful digestive apparatus. It is a well-known fact that the appetite will fail long before the hog's ability to digest well is impaired by surfeiting. Though swine in thin flesh fatten very rapidly, fat hogs increase in weight slowly, often greatly to the disappointment of their feeders. This is due usually to the failure of the appetite, and in case we want hogs very fat, we seek to remedy the difficulty by varying the food and stimulating a desire to eat, in various ways, feeding little and often, in order to make the animals eat as much as possible. A good story was lately told us of several neighbors, who, year after year, vied with one another in trying to produce the fattest hog, each taking a pig from the same litter, or in some way starting fair and square with pigs of the same age and size, and doing his best to make it as fat as possible before Christmas. One farmer invariably beat the others out and out, so thoroughly that his good luck could not be accounted for as accidental. The secret he kept to himself, but being watched by some one determined to find out, the discovery was made that jealousy is a grand appetiser for hogs. First, the pet monster was allowed to fill himself to his heart's content, and, when his appetite was satisfied, a half-starved shoat was let into the pen by a side door. The fat one would at once begin to fight it off, and meanwhile to gorge himself, simply to prevent the poor squealing victim of unsatisfied cravings getting any food. This was a daily programme, and the result was as stated. The fact is worth bearing in mind, for in preparing hogs for exhibition, or for some reason, we are often desirous of expediting the fatting process.—*American Agriculturist.*

### The Vitality of Seeds.

It is of importance to know how long seeds retain their germinating powers, to prevent the sowing of those of impaired vitality, as well as to avoid throwing away those which, though several years old, are still good. The test with water is not reliable, as good seed will frequently float, and that which is bad will often sink. The only sure test is to plant a counted number of seeds in a pot or box of earth and keep it in a warm room. If three-fourths germinate, the seed may be considered of average good quality.

Good for one year—Leeks, Onions, Parsnips.

Good for two years—Beans, Carrot, Egg-Plant, Okra, Peas, Peppers, Rhubarb, Sage, Saliafry, Thyme.

Good for three years—Asparagus, Endive, Lettuce, Parsley, Radish, Spinach.

Good for four years—Broccoli, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery, Turnip.

Good for five to ten years—Beet, Cucumber, Melon, Pumpkin, Squash, Tomato.

### Tomatoes.

Mr. Joseph S. Williams, of Cinnaminson, New Jersey, writes:—"It is no uncommon yield to take 1,000 bushels of tomatoes from an acre, and that 100 bushels will press 4,000 to 5,000 gallons of juice, which, if distilled after the proper ingredients are added, with due time to complete fermentation, from 500 to 700 gallons of proof spirits, which have, by liquor dealers not knowing the liquor, been pronounced new peach brandy, apple brandy, &c. I have made it an object to get the opinion both of the physician and liquor judges; and believe it to be a liquor which is healthy and medical, and can be manufactured at lower figures in larger quantities, and with tenfold the certainty of any other fruit spirits, and must in time be the great resource for obtaining alcoholic spirits, as there is no crop which will yield as many bushels per acre with same certainty, with as little expense."

STRAWBERRIES.—There is no lack of new varieties of strawberries, but the much abused Wilson's Albany remains at the head of the list of market varieties, and it is doubtful if it will lose its position until an equally productive variety appears. Quantity is the ruling idea among fruit-growers, and so long as a variety fills the measure, it will hold its place.

WHICH ROTS FIRST?—Of three kinds of timber used for telegraph-wire supports, the chestnut poles decayed first, the cedar next, the locusts are still sound.

## RECEIPTS.

TO MAKE PEA SOUP.—To four quarts of water, put in one quart of split peas, three slices of lean bacon (or a ham bone if at hand), and some roast beef bones, one head of celery, one turnip, and two carrots, cut into small pieces, a little salt and pepper; let all these simmer gently until the quantity is reduced to two quarts. Run it through a cullender, with a wooden spoon, mix a little flour in water, and boil it well with the soup, and slice in another head of celery, adding cayenne pepper, and a little more salt. Fry slices of bread in some butter until they assume a light brown color, cut them into small squares, and hand them with the soup, as well as a small dishful of powdered sage.

MAYONNAISE.—Take of cold fish (or of white meat) previously cooked, and from which all bones have been carefully removed; divide it into pieces, not too small, and dip it well in a mixture of oil, vinegar, and pepper. Put the yolks of two or three eggs in a deep dish with some salt and pepper, and stir them till the salt is dissolved and well mixed; then pour in olive oil in drops (or still better in a very slow stream, produced by boring a little hole through the cork of the bottle), stirring the contents of the dish one way all the time; (should the mayonnaise thicken too much, pour in a few drops of vinegar). This should be continued till there is enough mayonnaise to cover the meat (or fish) completely, this having been meanwhile laid on fresh lettuce leaves. Pour the mixture over it, and ornament with meat jelly and hard-boiled eggs.

SAVORY STEW OF VEAL.—Cut the meat from the bones into pieces about two inches square, put into a frying-pan two ounces of butter, and an onion in thin slices; when the butter is hot, put in the veal, and fry it to a nice brown; put it on a dish, and pour a teacupful of water into the frying-pan; let it boil up and pour it out. Stew the bones in rather more cold water than will cover them, for three hours. This will make excellent soup or broth, which may be flavored with parsley, celery, or any other vegetable. A pint of this broth, before any other flavor than parsley has been added, is needed for the meat, which should be put into a saucepan with it and the liquor which was made after frying the meat, and gently stewed for an hour. A teaspoonful of flour, and a little catchup, with Cayenne pepper and salt, should be added. Give it a boil up, and serve with suppets of toasted bread round the dish.

QUICK WAFFLES.—Take a pint of milk, and beat into it three eggs, and enough wheat flour to make a thick batter; add a tablespoonful of melted butter, and a little salt; bake them immediately. Some persons add two tablespoonsful of sugar, a little cinnamon; others dust loaf sugar and cinnamon, or nutmeg, over each waffle as it is baked.

CHILDREN'S CAKE.—Two cups of flower, one cup of cream, one cup of sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar; mix the cream of tartar and flour well, and dissolve the soda in the cream, and add last. This is nice for children at tea.

COCOANUT POUND CAKE.—Three cups of flour, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, whites of six eggs, one spoonful of cream of tartar, half a spoonful of soda, one cup of milk. Grate one small cocoanut, and put in two-thirds of it last.

## THE RIDDLER.

### Enigma.

I am composed of 48 letters.
My 2, 6, 19, 16, 3, 11, 25, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 5, 10, 37, 12, 17, 18, is a county in New York.
My 13, 16, 24, 22, 28, 46, is a town in California.
My 2, 20, 28, 37, 38, 17, 27, is what all likes to have.
My 33, is a letter of the alphabet.
My 44, 16, 25, 28, 10, 39, is one of the five senses.
My 45, 46, 17, 1, 43, 20, 13, is a deceased President.
My 36, 42, 13, 39, is worn by both sexes.
My 14, 18, 47, 48, 23, 41, 46, 34, 44, 37, 16, is a city in Florida.
My 4, 5, 6, 26, is part of a day.
My 7, 46, 9, 31, 22, is what all should possess.
My 15, 8, 47, 29, is to stop.
My 48, 46, 21, 8, 30, 25, 35, 40, 37, is a fort in the United States.
My whole is a proverb in the Bible.

MATTIE E. JOHNSON.
*Lancaster, Ohio.*

### Problem.

A water tub that holds 147 gallons, has a pipe that brings in 14 gallons in 9 minutes, and a tap that discharges 40 gallons in 31 minutes. Now supposing these to be both left open at 2 o'clock, and at 5 o'clock the tap only to be closed—in what time will the tub be filled? WM. H. MORROW.
*Irwin Station, Pa.*
☞ An answer is requested.

### Mathematical Problem.

Samuel owns a tract of land containing 232 acres and 50¼ perches, whose four respective sides are proportionally to each other as 4½, 6½, 7, and 8; (in succession as here named;) and the diagonal across the tract, from the second to the fourth corner thereof, is found to be in the proportion of 7½ to the given proportional of each of the sides. What is the true length of this diagonal, and of each of the four sides?

AUGUSTUS.
☞ An answer is requested.

### Probability Problem.

Required the probability that a person will throw an ace just three times in 7 casts of a dice, or one cast of 7 dice.

WILLIAM HOOVER.
*Wooster, Wayne Co., O.*
☞ An answer is requested.

### Conundrums.

☞ When is a dandy buried alive? Ans.—When there's *a swell in the ground.*
☞ When is a lawyer most like a donkey? Ans.—When drawing a conveyance.
☞ Why is a man in a fever like a burning candle? Ans.—He's light-headed.
☞ Why is a madman like two men? Ans.—He is one beside himself.
☞ Why is the Royal Exchange like a ship? Ans.—It is full of *sails* (sales.)
☞ Why is my head when in pain like a sovereign of Europe? Ans.—It is a *king* (aching.)

### Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—M. J. B. Brooks, Sinnemahoning, Cameron Co., Pa. ENIGMA—Charles A. Goodrich.

### Petty Puzzles.

Perhaps, writes a correspondent, you would like to have me tell you some funny things which I have heard about spelling and pronouncing.

There is one word of only five letters, and if you take away two of them, ten will remain; what word is that?

It is often. If you take away *o-f*, *ten* will remain.

There is a word of five letters, and if you take two of them away, six will remain; what is it?

Sixty. Take away *t-y*, *six* will remain.

Here is another puzzle:—

Take away my first, letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am always the same. Can you guess that?

You are right; it is the mail carrier.

There is a word which, if you change the place of one of its letters, means exactly the opposite from which it did at first; what is the word?

It is united; place the *s* after the *t* and it becomes united.

Can you tell me what letter it is that has never been used but twice in America?

It is *a*; it is used only twice in *America*.

Can you tell me when there were only two vowels?

It was in the days of Noah, before you and I were born—in the days of no *a*, before *u* and *i* were born.

Can you tell me when it is that a blacksmith raises a row in the alphabet?

It is when he makes *a* poke-*r* and shove-*l*, (a poker and shovel.)

I suppose you know how to spell heiress?

Perhaps you can tell me why a hare is easier to catch than an heiress?

It is because an heiress has an *i* and hare has none.

Now, let me hear whether you can spell the fate of all earthly things in two letters?

I will tell you—*d k*, (decay.)

I suppose you have often heard or can guess how to spell mouse-trap in three letters?

You are right. It is c-a-t.

Can you tell a man in one word that he took a late breakfast?

This is the way—attenuate, (at ten you ate.)

Can you tell me what word is always pronounced faster by adding two letters to it?

It is the word *fast;* add *e-r* to it, and it is pronounced *faster*.

What is the word of one syllable which, if you take away two letters from it will become a word of two syllables.

You must try and guess that, for it is my last puzzle. It is plague; take away *p-l*, and it becomes ague.

BURNED SUGAR.—Put a little sugar on the fire, and a little water, and let it burn. Then add water and bottle it. It keeps any length of time.

TO CLEAN GLASS WINDOWS.—Rub with a soft cloth and water, and rub dry and polish with newspaper. Lamp-shades the same way.